

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1892

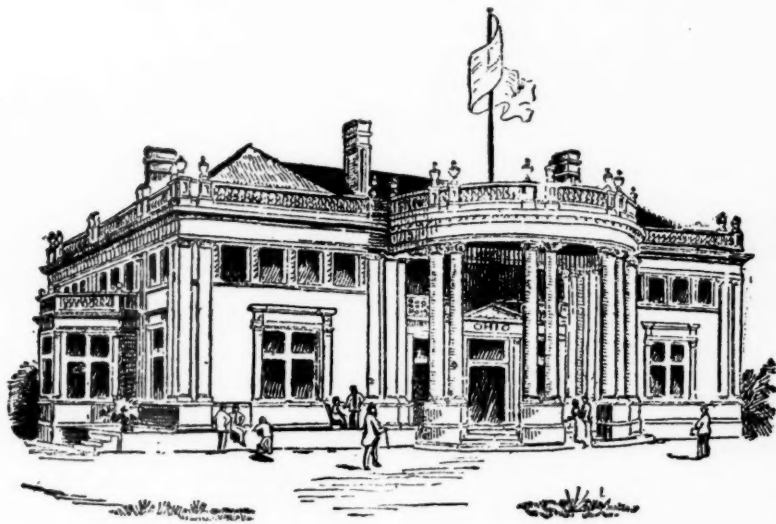
THE EXPOSITION OF 1893

PART V.

BY R. E. A. DORR.

THOUSANDS of women all over the land, yes even all over the world, have been wondering for a year past just what the Women's Department of the World's Columbian Exposition really means. One can easily picture the patient, gentle mother, whose whole life

with comfort, happiness, and good influences, and in rearing the children to be good men and women. But, gentle mother, noble as is this life-work, and engrossing as its duties, there are women, hundreds and thousands of them, who find time also to gratify other ambitions



OHIO.

and every thought is devoted to the little home circle in which her duties occupy every moment, asking why there should be a women's department. What can woman have achieved or done in the world that may be put on exhibition in a grand building to interest countless thousands of both sexes? Surely every woman who has a home and children has enough to occupy her mind in filling the first

and to broaden their field of endeavor until it reaches nearly every pursuit of man. The Women's Department of the World's Fair is for both—aye, for all classes of women, who have done and are daily doing that which makes the nineteenth century the greatest in the history of the progress of civilization. The women's exhibit will show what women in all parts have achieved; how they

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have widened their sphere of action until it embraces almost every phase of human energy, and how in friendly competition with the stronger sex their indomitable energy, persistent industry, and God-given talent have driven men from fields of labor they counted theirs exclusively, and left woman victor because of the inherent right of merit and fitness.

There will be more of wonder and amazement over the lesson taught by women at the Exposition than over any marvel of machinery, any display from the remotest lands of the world, or of inventive genius. The wonder and amazement will be intensified when it is understood that every detail of this exhibit, even to the building in which it is shown, will have been planned and carried out by women.

The Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition, which is carrying on this great work, was created by act of Congress, and by the World's Columbian Commission appointed by the President of the United States, to represent the national authority in the great enterprise. There is no male official or employee of the Board of Lady Managers, even the "office boy" being a little girl.

The purposes and aims of the Women's Department are perhaps best stated in its first official publication, from which I quote the following lines:

"The Board wishes to mark the first participation of women in an important national enterprise, by preparing an object lesson to show their progress made in every country of the world during the century in which educational and other privileges have been granted them, and to show the increased usefulness that has resulted from the enlargement of their opportunities."

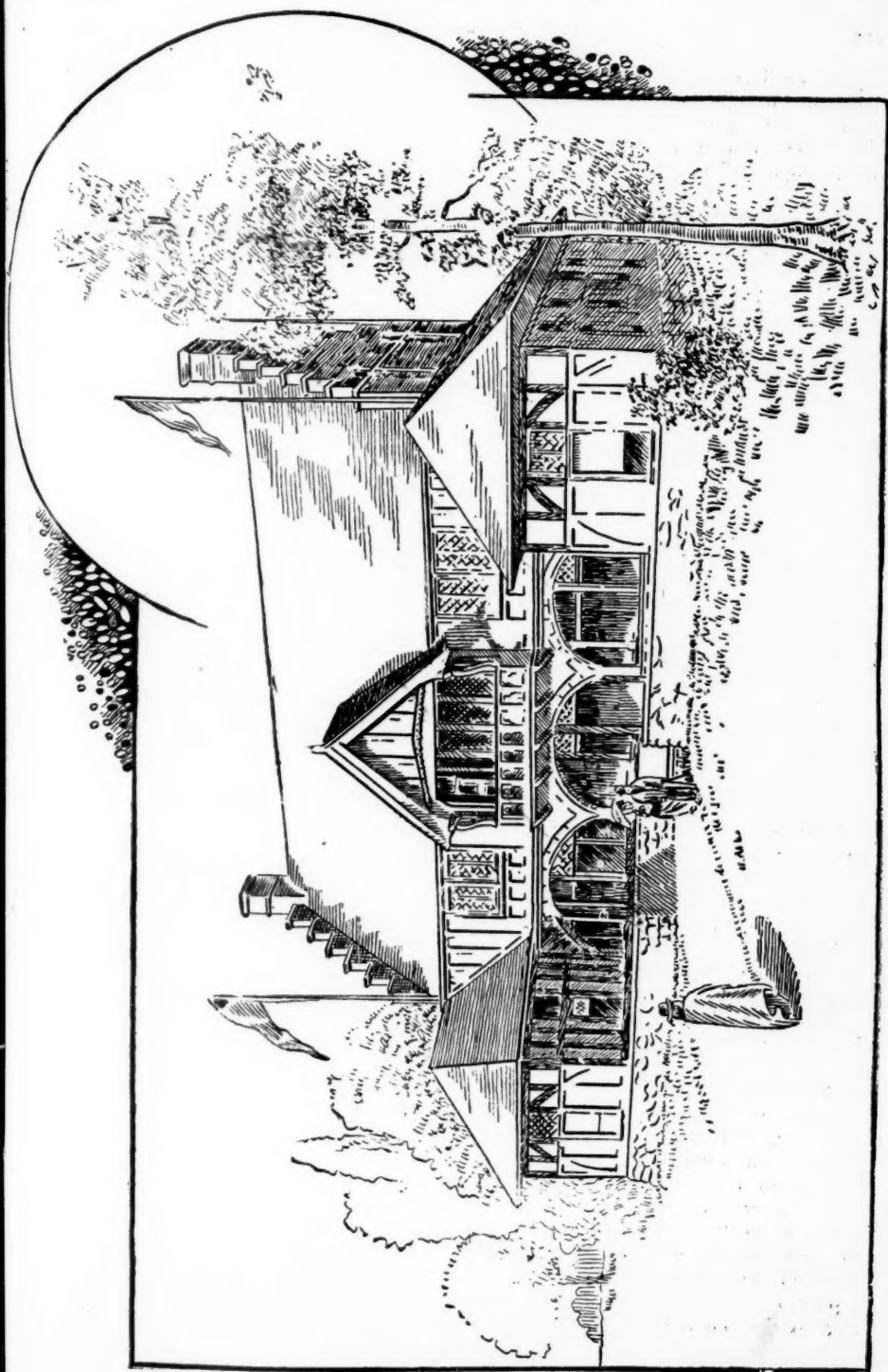
No one will deny the breadth of scope and plan here outlined. Now, I will try to tell how the matter is being worked out to a successful conclusion.

The Women's Board is composed of eight Lady Managers-at-large; two from each State and Territory of the Union, and the same number of alternates. These ladies were selected by the National Com-

missioners from their States, and on their recommendation appointed by the President of the United States. The National Commissioners being by law selected in equal numbers from the Republican and Democratic parties in each State, the Women's Board, so far as there is any politics in it at all, also represents both parties.

The Board of Lady Managers were empowered to select officers either from their own members or from outside. They determined to have a President, a Vice-President-at-large, eight Vice-Presidents, and a Secretary. Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was chosen President, and the wisdom of the selection will be demonstrated later in this article. Miss Phæbe W. Cousins, of St. Louis, was chosen Secretary, but the unwisdom of that selection, owing to Miss Cousin's arrogance, and "rule or ruin policy," was soon demonstrated, and after a few months Miss Cousins was compelled to retire and give place to Mrs. Susan Gale Cook, a bright little Tennessee woman, who seems to have been made for the place. The Vice-Presidents might be termed so many ornamental officials. They are useful in an advisory capacity, but are not expected to give much time to the enterprise. The President is paid a salary of \$5,000 per annum, and the Secretary \$3,000. There are about a dozen assistants and clerks in the offices of the women's department, all drawing salaries about equal to those drawn by women holding similar positions in the government service at Washington. The President, Mrs. Palmer, being the wife of one of Chicago's wealthiest men, and having a fortune in her own right, only draws enough of her salary to pay a young lady Secretary whose whole time is devoted to World's Fair work.

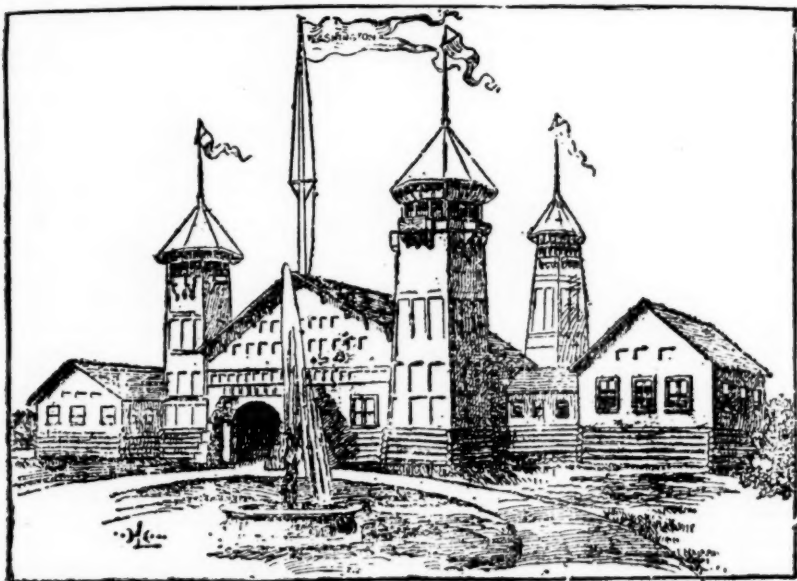
The President of the Board of Lady Managers is an interesting study. She comes from the very bluest of Kentucky blue-grass stock, and, as young girl and matron was and is conspicuous, even among her race, for beauty. Her maiden name was Honore, her father thirty years ago, and until recently being one of the leading business men of this great city.



NORTH DAKOTA.

After several seasons as the acknowledged belle of Chicago society, Miss Honore became the wife of Potter Palmer, at that time considered the wealthiest man in Chicago. The fire nearly ruined Mr.

herself and her sisters who were breadwinners, and in short, that her election was a tribute not to particular fitness but to wealth and beauty. Mrs. Palmer's address to the lady managers accepting the



WASHINGTON.

Palmer, but it is said here his young wife's sympathy, pluck, and confidence in the future imbued him with renewed energy and in a few years his losses were recouped, and his wealth greater than ever before.

Until the Exposition project took shape, Mrs. Palmer was known only as the possessor of the most palatial house in the city; as a leader in society whose sway was undisputed; as a devoted mother and wife; a lover of fine paintings and bric-a-brac with means to gratify the taste, and as a dispenser of entertainment in her own house whose fame had spread over both continents. When Mrs. Palmer was chosen to lead the great work for women from which so much was expected the wise ones shook their heads; declared she had no qualification for such a position; that her whole life precluded any special bond of sympathy between

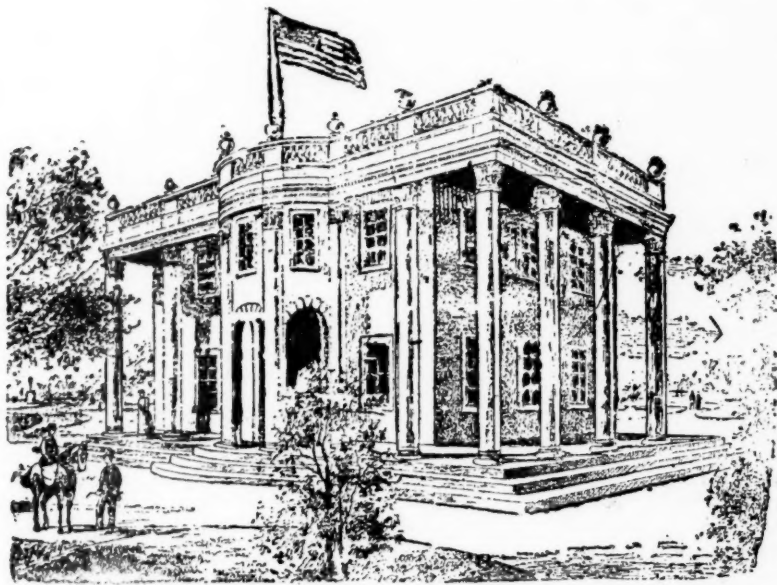
position surprised every one, gratified her friends, almost silenced her opponents, and, perhaps, more important than all, made it perfectly clear that the broad view she took of the great enterprise clearly entitled her to the leadership.

Who would have supposed that this woman, reared in luxury and to whom even the conspicuousness entailed by her wealth and beauty was somewhat of a burden, could, without apparent nervousness, face this large audience of strange women, and in clear, well-chosen language tell them the real aims and purposes of the great undertaking in which they were about to engage? Among the few men in the hall, away back by the door, stood a gray-haired man, old enough looking to be the fair speaker's father. It was Mr. Potter Palmer. A spectator, one of those newspaper men who seem to see more by watching the audience instead of the

central figure at large gatherings, told me Mr. Palmer's face was a study during his wife's speech. Nervous expectation or fear of a break-down quickly gave place to surprise. An expression of absolute amazement was soon dissolved into one of pride, and when the address was over and the applause at its height, the old man quietly and almost unobserved left the hall, and, as the newspaper man put it, "went down the corridor congratulating himself and certain in his own mind that he need not worry about the complete success of Mrs. Palmer in her new and purely unselfish work for her sex."

To fully comprehend this scene the reader must bear in mind that Mrs. Palmer had never before addressed an assemblage larger than a sewing society; that she had not even come in contact with, or much believed in woman platform orators,

When the Illinois Legislature had about decided to appropriate \$800,000 for the State exhibit and building Mrs. Palmer demanded that ten per cent. of the money should be devoted to a woman's department. She didn't make her demand at long range either, but going to the State capital used all her eloquence in its support. In one day at Springfield she made four addresses to legislative committees, and finally wound up the day's work by a ringing speech to the entire Legislature that brought victory to her cause and honor to herself from every woman in the State. Again, last winter, when a Committee of Congress was considering the bill appropriating funds for carrying on the administrative work of the Fair, and when an unfriendly feeling on the part of certain members seemed likely to prevent the needed appropriation, the male officials sought the aid of this re-



RHODE ISLAND.

and that she was generally known to be of a retiring if not "shy" disposition.

As the work unfolded it became evident that Mrs. Palmer would have to do considerable talking to large audiences.

markable woman. In response to telegraphic requests she went to Washington, addressed the committee, and fairly forced from it a favorable report on the bill. Had Mrs. Palmer been known as an agi-

tator for woman's rights, or had she been conspicuous as a public speaker, she would have made no impression on these State or national legislators. Congressmen quickly learn just how much weight to give the utterances of hired or professional advocates. At first, however, they didn't know just how to take this Western woman. Admiration for her personality was immediate; conviction of her sincere belief that her cause was right quickly led to the same feeling in their own minds; eloquence and logical argument did the rest, and their votes were secured.

Mrs. Palmer's later duties have brought her in personal contact with the leading women of the world at home and abroad. In Europe she has met royalty with the same ease, dignity, earnestness of purpose, and success that has marked her dealings at home with the delegates from organizations of working women white and black. To-day Mrs. Palmer easily stands foremost among American women. Her picture (printed in the last November number of ARTHUR'S) is familiar in thousands of homes all over the land, and her work is being watched by more of her sex than that of any other woman.

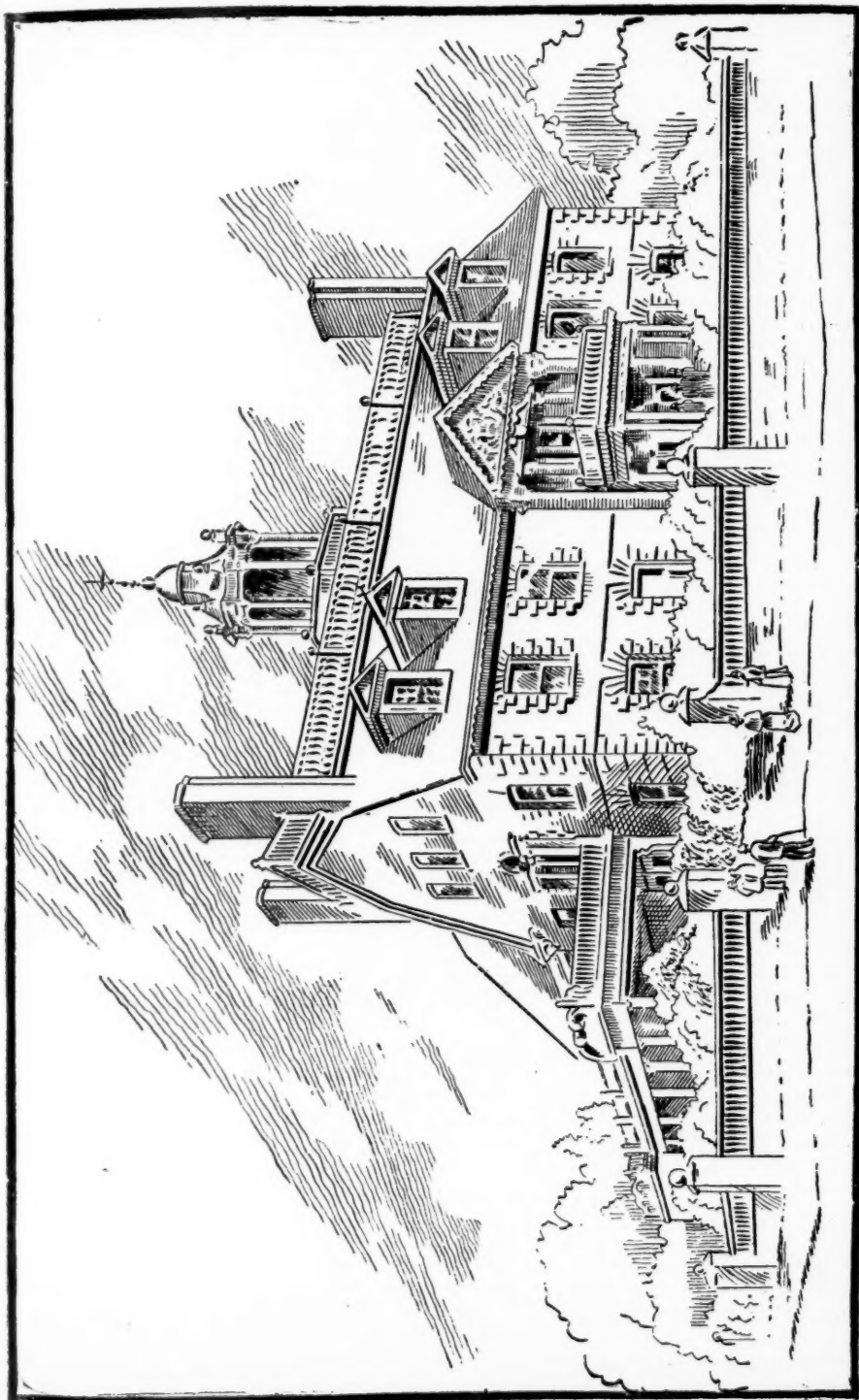
I hesitate to publish these lines, fearing I may be considered too enthusiastic an admirer of this gifted woman's work. It is my duty, however, as a faithful chronicler to afford my readers a clear understanding of the subject assigned me by the editor. Such comprehension of the Women's Department of the World's Columbian Exposition can only be had by ample knowledge of its guiding spirit.

The Board of Lady Managers has held two meetings, each of which lasted several days. At the first meeting the full power of the body as a whole was conferred upon an executive committee of twenty-seven. This committee in turn delegated its authority to a sub-committee of ten, and as the sub-committee practically leaves everything to Mrs. Palmer, the success or failure of the enterprise will be the triumph or otherwise of almost absolutely autocratic leadership. The Lady Managers are paid by the United States Government \$6.00 per diem, while actually engaged in the work of

the Board, and actual traveling expenses from and to their homes. Their expenses and per diems are paid by the Secretary of the United States Treasury on sworn vouchers, and the records of the Treasury Department show how economically the World's Fair ladies travel. The government appropriation for the Lady Managers was \$36,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30th last. There were a few thousand dollars unexpended, which will be added to the \$59,000 that Congress is asked to appropriate for the current fiscal year. This money it should be understood is for salaries, office expenses, printing, and procuring exhibits, the major portion being expended, of course, for the exhibits. So much for the organization. Now for the house and the things beautiful it is to contain.

When it was finally decided that the Women's Department should have a building of its own instead of occupying space with other departments in one of the main buildings, it was also decided to invite women architects in America to submit designs. It was supposed that half a dozen plans would be offered, but that no woman would succeed in designing an acceptable structure. The blunder in this calculation was demonstrated by three plans either of which was worthy to be adopted. The advisory board of architects of the Exposition, composed of the ten leading men in the profession in this country, awarded the prize to plans drawn by Miss Sophia G. Haydn, of Boston. Thus at the very outset women were told by the highest authorities that a profession was open to them in which, though, perhaps, a score were obscurely striving, they had not expected encouragement, and in which none had won even a small degree of distinction. The possibilities indicated by Miss Haydn's completed building, will, architects say, induce many young women to learn the draughtsman's art and open the doors of most establishments to such apprentices.

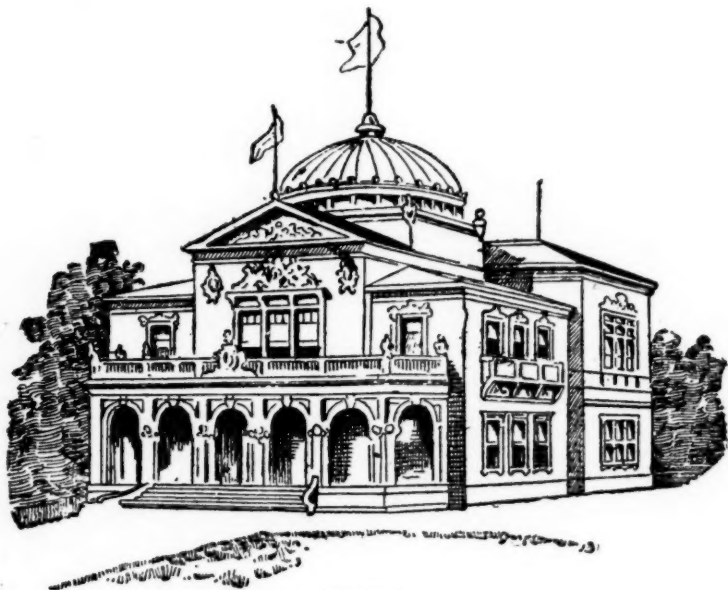
Though smallest of the great Exposition palaces, the Woman's Building is 400 feet long by 200 feet deep. Between it and the lagoon, which, at this point spreads



PENNSYLVANIA.

out into a bay 400 feet wide, is a beautiful terraced lawn over 100 feet across and dotted here and there with flower beds and bright bits of landscape gardening. At the foot of a broad asphalt walk a flight of ten broad steps lead down to an ornamental steamboat landing. The building is in the school of architecture known as the Italian Renaissance—that is, a long arched colonnade on the first floor, great pavilions at each end and the second floor of the main structure set far back so as to form a balcony.

made above. Broad, low steps lead up to the massive triple arched entrance. An open colonnade on the second floor is finished with a low pediment, the decoration of which will be a highly elaborate bas-relief. This pediment is near enough the ground for every figure and line of the bas-relief to be plainly distinguished from the asphalt walk. As all the sculpture on the building is modeled by a woman—Miss Rideout, of California—it is expected to attract attention aside from its interest as a fine art production.

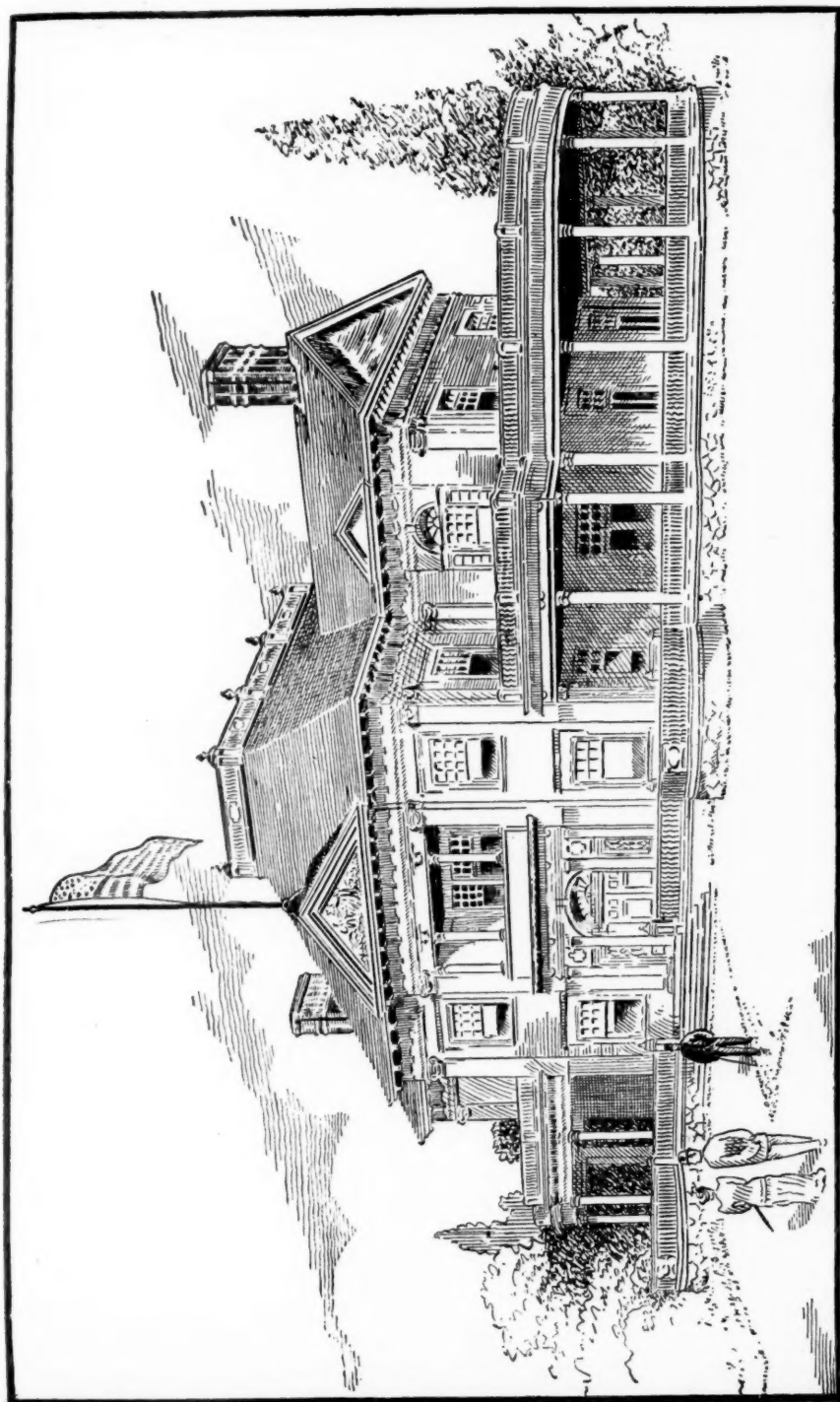


ARKANSAS.

Above the main cornice of the pavilions is a graceful open colonnade in which are to be hanging gardens which are expected to rival those of ancient Babylon. There are columns everywhere and though there has been criticism that the structure is too low for its large ground space and that it is cold and severe, I am convinced that every one not blessed with too much technical knowledge will call it beautiful and respect the ability of its creator.

The architect is at her best in the conception of the main entrance at the head of the asphalt walk, to which reference is

The exterior of this building, like all the others on the grounds, is covered with "staff," a composition of plaster and fibre cast in molds, that gives it the appearance of a stone or stucco structure. Staff was first used for the buildings of the Paris, 1889, Exposition, and most of the artisans engaged in making it here were imported for that purpose from Paris. The possibilities of rich ornamentation by the use of this new building material are almost beyond comprehension. It is as easily cast into the most exquisite sculpture work as into plain flat



WEST VIRGINIA.

slabs. Exposure to the air hardens the composition, and when the building is ready it is simply nailed on like clapboards on a frame building except that the edges fit closely together instead of lapping over. The nail-head indentations are filled up with plaster of Paris, and when a couple of coats of paint have been put on the surface is as even and regular as though it had been chiseled out of one great block of stone or marble. Staff only needs the test of durability that age alone can give it to become an important factor in future building operations in this country. It is comparatively cheap, almost fireproof, impervious alike to hot or cold, wet or dry weather. If staff does not crumble away with time—that is, if it is as durable as painted wood—it may prove the solution of the great lumber problem which, forest protection enthusiasts tell us, must soon be solved in this country.

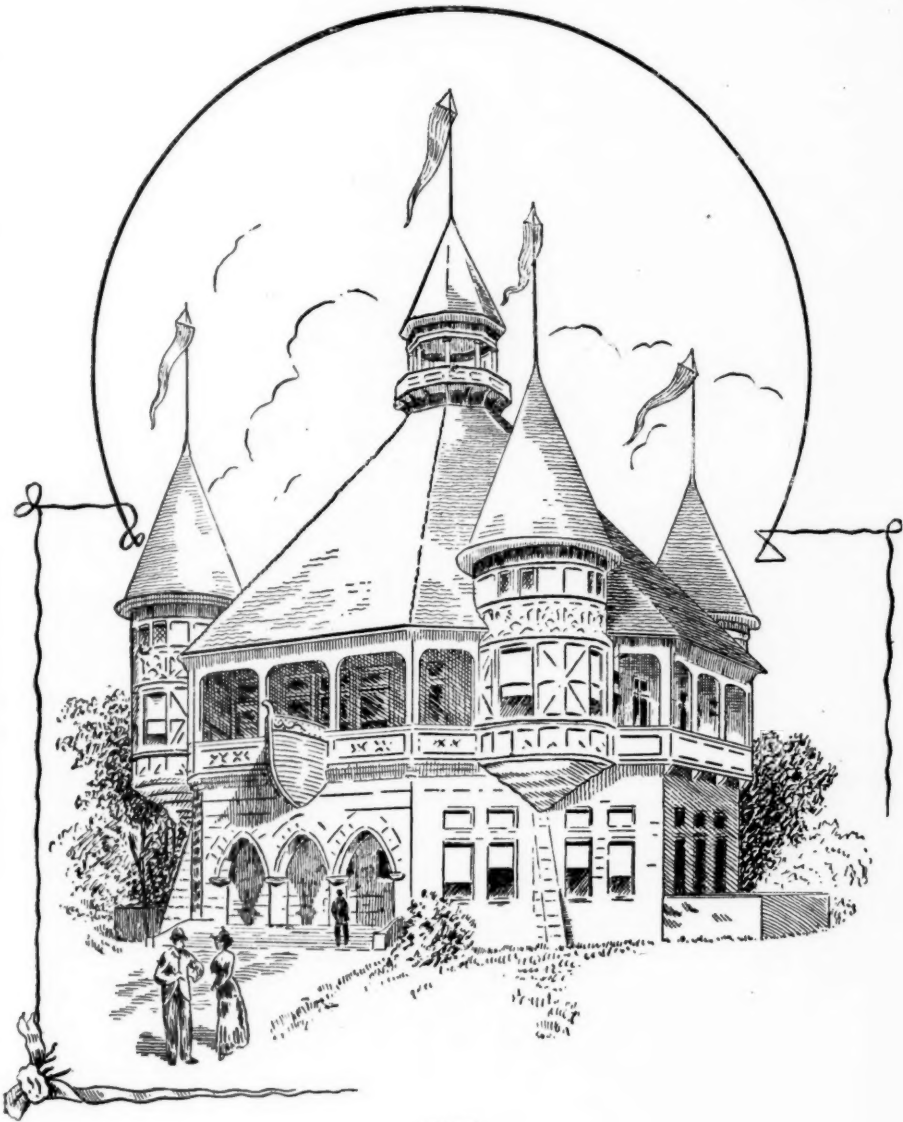
In writing of the Woman's Building a distinguishing characteristic must not be omitted. The building is evidently designed for the uses to which it is to be applied. With the exception of the Mines and Mining, Dairy and Forestry buildings, all small as compared with the others on the grounds, it is the only one that impresses the lay observer that the designer refused to entirely ignore utility in ambitious striving for architectural or artistic beauty. The great public, of whom upward of three thousand now visit the grounds daily, becomes justly enthusiastic over the magnitude, grandeur, and beauty of all the buildings; the experienced exhibitor, or veteran officials of international expositions says, "Yes, they are vast and beautiful, but they could have been planned for a dozen other purposes as well as for an exposition." While this does not in the least detract from the great achievements of both architects and artists engaged in the stupendous work, it does raise the question whether the world is expected to come to its fair to see a marvelous work of the builder's art or to inspect exhibits of the very best mankind now produces in all quarters of the globe as contrasted with his handiwork in earlier times.

Entering the building beneath the great arches, one passes through a lobby 40 feet wide to an impressive rotunda, 70x65 feet, open to the roof and protected by a richly-ornamented skylight. The rotunda is surrounded by a two-story arcade, the whole having the typical Italian courtyard effect. To the left of the entrance on the first-floor space, is laid out for the model hospital with trained nurses in constant attendance to explain the appliances and paraphernalia. On the right will be a model kindergarten in which German and American methods will be illustrated. These rooms will be 80x60 feet each. Along the west side of the rotunda will be the library, bureau of information, public records of the department, offices, etc. The entire first floor of the south pavilion will be devoted to the retrospective exhibit of woman's work, beginning with indisputable evidence that she originated the art of pottery, spinning, and curing skins for wearing apparel. The more modern industrial achievements of women of this country will be demonstrated by models and records from the Patent Office at Washington, by which many will learn for the first time that women have invented articles of great value in mechanical, agricultural, and scientific pursuits. The north pavilion will be given over to reform and charity organizations that have accomplished great results and desire to demonstrate their methods. These pavilions are 80x200 feet each, and promise to be among the most interesting places at the Fair.

Surrounding the rotunda and opening on the balcony of the second floor will be ladies' parlors, toilet-rooms, committee-rooms, and the private offices of the lady managers. The entire second floor of the north pavilion is thrown into one large hall or assembly-room with an elevated stage from which questions of interest to women will be discussed by leaders in various movements or lines of thought. It is intended to have daily discussions in this hall by the brightest and best women in the world; religious, political, and other topics that might be offensive to part of the audience being

barred. The south pavilion will be given up to refreshment rooms and a model kitchen. In the latter the most advanced

the lady whose work is all done by domestics as well as by the domestics themselves. Competent authorities will lec-



MAINE.

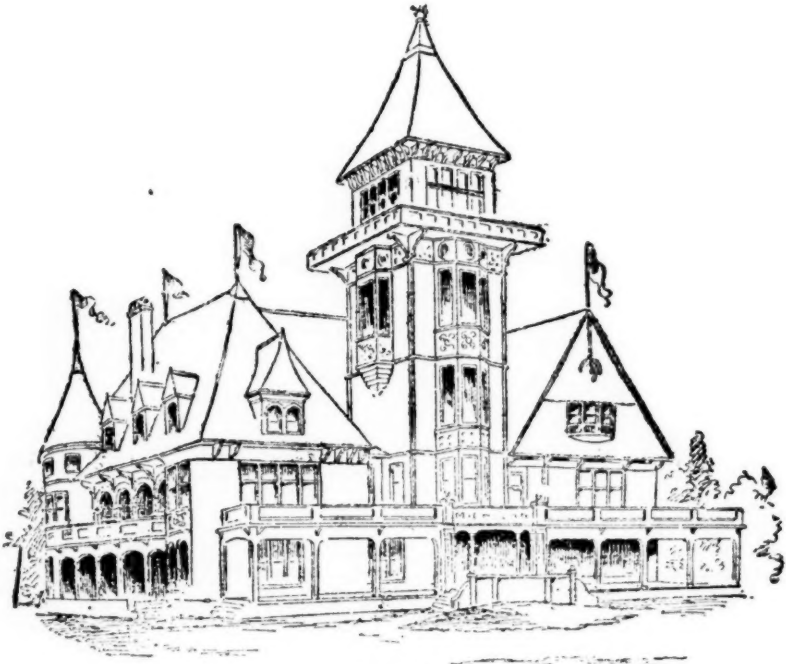
method of preparing, cooking, and serving food will be illustrated, and it is expected valuable lessons will be learned by

ture here at frequent intervals, showing where economy can be practiced and results attained by modern methods that

to those keeping house as their grandmothers did would seem impossible.

In December last, the President addressed a letter through Secretary of State

strued as representing her Royal mother's sentiments. In Germany, H. R. H. Princess Frederick Charles is honorary President of the Woman's Board. The



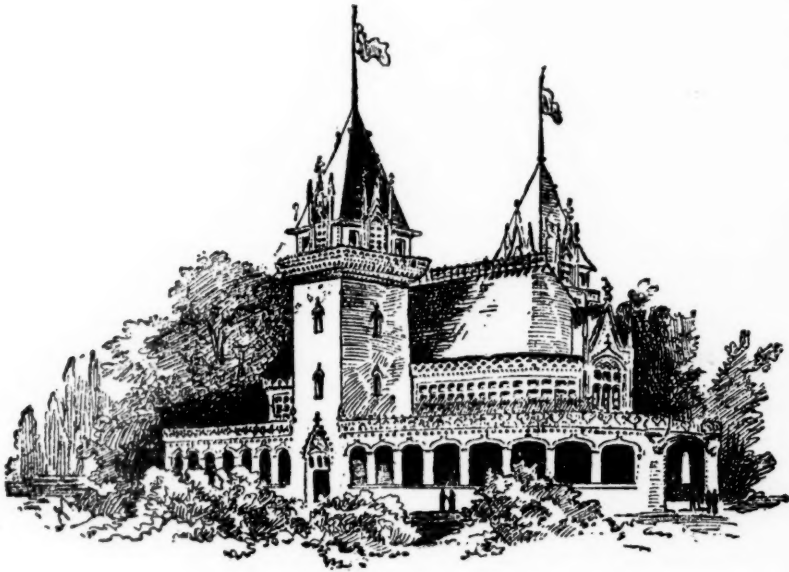
MICHIGAN.

Blaine, to the wives of all the civilized rulers of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the letter she asked these women, whose lot in life is so exalted, to give thought, time, and work to a movement for bettering the condition of all their sex, particularly the bread-winners. In other words, Mrs. Palmer asked that women World's Fair Commissioners be appointed, and that the patronage of royalty be extended to their labors. The result of Mrs. Palmer's bright idea has been most gratifying. Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, accepted the presidency of the British Commission and has displayed unexpected industry in collecting a fine exhibit. Princess Christian is generally known as Victoria's favorite daughter, and her interest in the Exposition is con-

Princess Metternich has given cordial approval of the proposed formation of a commission of women in Austria, and if the plan is carried out, will probably become president-of-honor. In Belgium, the Queen herself undertook the formation of the commission that will arrange the exhibit by women of her country. While Mrs. Palmer was in Europe last May, the Queen caused information to be conveyed that a private audience would be accorded Mrs. Palmer, when she visited Brussels. The World's Fair lady-president had not contemplated going to Brussels, but at once changed her plans, for a Queen's wishes are equivalent to commands. On reaching the palace, Mrs. Palmer was received by Countess de Deuterghen, maid-of-honor to the Queen, and several ladies of the court.

In a few minutes she was ushered into her Majesty's private parlor, and as Mrs. Palmer is quoted, "was received in a most gracious and charming manner." The Queen asked many questions about the Exposition as a whole, and the women's department in particular, and finally declared her intention of doing everything in her power to encourage Belgian women to participate. Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of the French Republic, has consented to serve as Honorary President of the Women's Board for her country, providing she is given absolute selection of the balance of the committee. Mme. Carnot explained to Mrs. Palmer that much unpleasantness might result if she extended her official patronage to an enterprise in which she was brought in contact with ladies who were *non persona grata* to the administration. It is said that the real complication Mme. Carnot feared was that

and his political associates could not approve. At last advices, it appeared as though Mme. Carnot's condition would be accepted, and she is expected to announce the committee in a few days. From far-off Russia renewed assurance of her friendly feeling for the United States is found in the action of the Empress. Her Majesty caused careful inquiry to be made by the Russian Consul in Chicago, about the women's department, and the official report being satisfactory, informed Mrs. Palmer that she had designated three distinguished Russian ladies to collect and forward an exhibit of the work of Russian women of all conditions of life. It is no exaggeration to say that these women committees in all parts of the globe have, figuratively speaking, put a drag-net out all over the world to secure specimens of woman's best and most beautiful work for exhibit at Chicago next summer.



INDIANA.

some women representing socialistic ideas or political factions would secure places on the board, and succeed in advancing plans of which her distinguished husband

While all this promotion and work has been in progress abroad, Mrs. Palmer has found time to spur the emulation of American women. Exhibits from forty-

five States and Territories are now assured for the Women's Building, and this with a clear understanding that only the very best will be given place. The patchwork quilt and big pumpkin of the county or State fair will not be seen at the Exposition. Every article shown in the Women's Building must be unique, notable for inventive genius or rare skill, or be of such a nature as to interest women of all conditions of life.

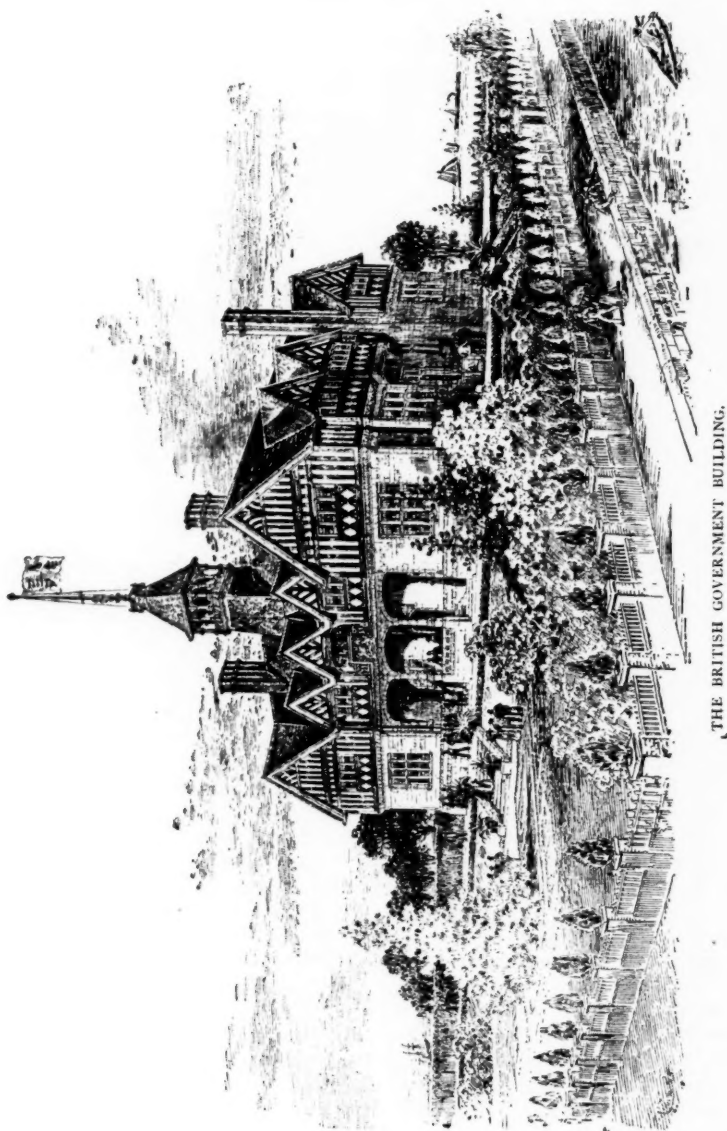
For instance, word has just reached Mrs. Palmer of the wonderful artistic forge-work of a young girl of fourteen in a California technical school. If the reports are correct this little girl combines all the skill of the blacksmith with the fine art perceptions of the best designers in decorative iron work. These reports are being investigated, and if verified the young girl blacksmith will be provided with tools and a forge and allowed to show visitors to the Exposition just how she works. Another interesting plan that is now assured of success is the erection of four mammoth hotels for the accommodation of women wage-earners who come to Chicago for the Fair. This enterprise is in the hands of the Lady Managers, and will be worked out to some extent on the co-operative plan. A company has been incorporated to build and furnish the hotels, which will be on land loaned the Lady Managers rent free and within a few minutes' walk of Jackson Park. The buildings will each have one thousand small bed-rooms, plainly but neatly furnished. The lumber of which these hotels, or dormitories as they are called, will be constructed is now being hauled to the sites as rapidly as it can be supplied by the tearing down of the wigwam in which the recent Democratic National Convention was held. The capital stock of the working women's hotel or dormitory association will be \$150,000 in shares of the par value of \$10 each. These certificates of stock will be received in payment for lodgings the same as cash. One share, which cost the holder \$10, will entitle her to a room for twenty-five days, the rate being forty cents per day. There will, of

course, be more rooms in the hotel than can be filled by stockholders, and these will be at the disposal first, of members of working women's organizations and next of the general public. The advantage of being a stockholder is, first, priority over all others in the securing and selection of rooms, and, second, a share in the profits if any. The enterprise will not be conducted with the idea of making any money, but those of the projectors who have figured out the earnings from rooms, restaurants, etc., think there is sure to be a return of probably twenty-five per cent. of the investment after all the stock has been paid for in lodgings. A rule of the organization prohibits any one person from owning more than \$500 of the stock, the expectation being that at least nine-tenths of it will be owned in single shares. These shares are transferable, and may be used by any one in payment for lodging—notice being first sent to the secretary. But, aside from all other considerations, the great benefit offered by the dormitories is that young women may come to the Fair unattended, and, if stockholders, be absolutely certain of finding a respectable, congenial boarding place where they will be treated with as much consideration and courtesy as if they brought ten trunks and paid \$20 per day for their rooms. The enterprise is not in any sense a charity. It merely gives working women an opportunity to combine the small amounts they can afford to spend to visit the great Exposition, and by so doing to secure the most desirable accommodations, instead of being forced into cheap and sometimes very undesirable boarding and lodging-houses. The success of the enterprise is already assured, and in a few weeks the stock will all be taken.

The plans for collective exhibits of the resources of the States and Territories of the Union have so far developed the past month as to clearly determine that these exhibits will be a leading feature of the Exposition. The buildings to be erected and now being put up at Jackson Park would, of themselves, form a group well worth coming miles to see. The pictures

of some of these buildings, printed with this article, are from the official drawings and may be relied upon as not exagger-

ings are now in course of construction, and about twenty more will be begun during the next sixty days. These build-



THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

ating the artistic beauty and architectural merit to be presented by the completed structures. Eighteen of these State build-

ings will cost from \$10,000 to \$250,000 each. The total cost of the group is estimated at \$1,250,000. The largest,

most imposing, and most costly building is naturally being erected by the State of Illinois. It will cost about \$250,000, and it is now under roof. New York comes next, with a structure that will have cost \$200,000 when completed and furnished. It would require far too much space to attempt even a brief description of each of these buildings. The pictures speak for themselves and convey a more accurate idea than I could give. Surmounting the Pennsylvania building all Philadelphians will recognize a duplicate of the tower of Independence Hall. It is planned to hang the old Liberty Bell in this tower, but final arrangements for bringing it here are not yet concluded. The California building will be one of the most interesting of the group. The exterior will be patterned after the old mission-houses which the pioneers found in many parts of the State. These curious old religious edifices, how old no one knows, archaeologists say, prove that the country was inhabited by civilized people long before Columbus's great discovery. The interior of the building will be one great hall or court for a display of the products of the State. Over the main entrance will be roof gardens where fruits and wines will be served to visitors. The building will be 500x110 feet and cost \$75,000.

The Arkansas building will be conspicuous among the groups, not alone for its beauty, but from the fact that its architect is a woman. This, and the Women's Building are the only two that were designed by women. The architect of the Arkansas building was, until a few weeks ago, when she became Mrs. Frank M. Douglass, Miss Jean Loughborough. Miss Loughborough came to Chicago as a Lady Manager for her State, and stayed here as an assistant to Mrs. Potter Palmer. It is mainly through her efforts that the Arkansas granger legislature was persuaded to make an appropriation for State representation at the Fair. Miss Loughborough told the legislators what other States were doing, and then surprised them by showing designs she had

made for their own State building. The drawings settled the matter, and the appropriation was voted. The building is small, only 60x80 feet, but its beauty will amply compensate for this, and secure for it admiration even among its more pretentious neighbors. Just inside the imposing entrance there will be an electric fountain composed of the many colored crystals found in the State. In the back of the building there will be a large hall for meetings of State organizations.

Ohio will spend \$25,000 on its building, and the work is now so far advanced that its simple but beautiful lines find many admirers among the visitors to Jackson Park, who for the past month have averaged three thousand daily. The distinguishing feature of the building will be the large circular portico, with great columns reaching to the roof line. Statues of Ohio men who have been distinguished in the service of the nation will be placed in the building.

The first foreign nation to begin work in its building in Jackson Park was Great Britain. The picture presented herewith is from the official drawing in the possession of the resident agent of the Royal Commission at Chicago. The building is now up nearly to the roof line, and will be completed in time for the dedication ceremonies next October. The building is a representation of the sixteenth century half-timbered country or manor houses of England. While its beauty will be questioned by many, the structure is typical of the nation by whom it is erected, and will be more interesting on that account than if merely the beautiful creation of the most talented architect. Tiles and terra cotta will be largely used in the exterior decoration, and the extensive surrounding lawns will be beautifully decorated by English gardeners. The British building will not contain any exhibit, but will be used solely as headquarters for English and colonial visitors and offices for the Commission. It will be almost the central figure of a group of twelve to fifteen buildings to be erected by foreign governments.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

BY KATHARINE SCOTT MOORE.

ACT I.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."—*Act iv, Scene 1.*

FRANCES GREY found herself all too soon in Gunning's second-hand book-store with her great package of school books on the counter before her. She did not resemble the usual *habitué* of Gunning's. There was nothing shabby-genteel in the trim tailor-made gown, which spoke plainly of refinement and means. From the tip of her dainty patent leather boot to the crown of her coquettish toque could be seen those intangible, indescribable signs of Philadelphia's upper ten-dom.

In truth old Major Carson, her guardian, was wont to exclaim in a burst of feeling, "By Jove, Frances is a thoroughbred, and shall marry none but the best. Her father's improvidence and extravagance are in the blood, however, and she must be kept close."

As a preventive to spending money, that necessary article was consequently excluded from Frances's belongings.

It was severely cruel on the girl. To be sure her father had been a spendthrift, and squandered her mother's magnificent fortune. "Poor papa," Frances would explain to her sympathizing friends, "was too generous, and unfortunately nothing of a business man." Thus that which appeared to Major Carson an unpardonable sin, became glorified to the daughter as a much to be deplored virtue, but still a virtue. The Major was fond of his ward, for was she not his distant cousin, and inmate of his princely home on Rittenhouse Square; above all, was not her mother a Van Schuyler, and who knew not the Van Schuyler family argued himself unknown.

As Frances dressed well, rode, drove, danced, and was *fêted* in this, her first season in society, none knew the many ingenious devices she was forced to adopt

to save herself the annoyances of absolute penury.

"Oh! when I am twenty-one," she would say to her mirror, her only confidante in this trouble, "I'll spend five dollars all at once on street-car tickets!" which insignificant straw of desire showed a veritable cyclone of ambition.

Her appearance in Gunning's was the outcome of a brilliant idea, suggested by her intimate friend, the mirror.

While dressing the day before, she had noticed, thrust between the shining glass and its frame, a red and yellow card bearing the legend, "Second-hand books bought and sold at Gunning's."

"Why can't I sell my old school books?" Frances asked, in a moment of inspiration, and the mirror, after due reflection, having nodded approval, she started on her first mercantile venture.

The old man behind the counter carefully scanned the algebras, geographies, chemistries, and childish story books, Frances watching him anxiously.

"Suppose he should refuse to take them!"

Several times he glanced curiously at the pretty girl, and each time Frances imagined herself doomed to the nearest street car with her books under her arm. At length, in a solemn and torturingly slow manner, he said, "I will give you five dollars and twenty-five cents."

"So much!" she gasped.

The man smiled. Customers at Gunning's rarely expressed surprise at Gunning's munificence.

"They're not worth it," business instinct getting the better of his astonishment, "they're mostly out of date, but a bargain's a bargain. Good-day, miss, call again," and Frances soon found herself in the street, with her money tightly clasped in her palm.

Before night that money was spent. "Showing hereditary inclination," the

Major would have said, had he known—but the Major did not know.

Among the others which Frances sold was a small volume of *The Merchant of Venice*. The outside was shabby, and a great ink-stain ornamented its title-page; somehow it had slipped in with the rest, nor did she discover its absence until luncheon, when that queer feeling one often experiences when becoming aware of some mistake crept over her.

A hasty search confirmed her suspicions. She rushed from the house in a frenzy of anxiety and for the second time that day stood in Gunning's.

The old clerk was provokingly slow. He fumbled around some time muttering over titles, and then called a younger man to his assistance. Next a third clerk made his appearance and volunteered the information that "the little old *Merchant of Venice* was sold, not a half hour ago, sir, to a gentleman who seemed much amused by the pictures."

Frances groaned in spirit.

"Amused by the pictures!" Oh! thrice accursed pencil that drew her guardian as Shylock! There he was, all through the book—Shylock—none other than Major Carson. And the ridiculous and copious notes in the back, where if the pictures did not tell the tale, her miserable attempts at parody did so effectually! Truly no more conscience-stricken individual than Frances Grey had ever put her dainty foot into a second-hand book-store.

Her misery, as is the lot of most healthy young people, lasted only a short time. "What's done, is did," quoting her old nurse's favorite consolation, and it was not long before the circumstance seemed more as a joke of the past, than aught else.

ACT II.

"He, of all the men that ever my poor eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady."
—Act i, Scene 2.

TOM HOLLISTER was smoking.

"One of the bad habits he contracted while abroad," his fond mother was apt to explain. But wily Tom had been a

graduate in the use of tobacco long before he went to Germany and fell in love with a meerschaum.

It was five years since our hero had left the paternal mansion for a German university, and to a man now twenty-five that meant a good deal.

"Times have changed, and I, deep in science," here he smiled to himself, "have not kept up with the march of progress."

The *portières* parted, and a gay girlish voice was heard in the gloom.

"Tom, are you here? It's so dark, why don't you ring for lights?"

"Come in, Em, I'm enjoying the fire-light and my pipe."

His sister entered. A fair slight girl with thoughtful brow and firm rosy mouth, in contradiction to the laughing hazel eyes. Emmeline Hollister was a contradiction in everything. As her mother, who was of decided Malapropian tendencies, once remarked, "Emmeline is certainly a mystic—" and a mystery to all she had been for over eighteen years.

From her voice, full of suppressed mirth, one might expect a hoyden, and behold!—there glided into the room a demure, self-possessed little maiden, who now sat down by the fire and took one of her brother's big shapely hands in hers and caressed it lovingly.

"I'm so glad to find you alone, Tom. I want to talk with you."

Tom laughed not unkindly.

"The same old troubles, eh, Em? Hollister's pellets, which cure coughs, colds, and all skin diseases, can't cure your dislike to Carnation Street, is that it?"

"I confess I do long to live in a more fashionable part of the city, Tom, and as for Hollister's pellets, just wait until you're called the son of a 'millionaire!' It isn't that I am ashamed of my own father, but I hate and despise those horrid pills!"

At this juncture the erst-while maker of patent medicine entered the room.

Emmeline turned to the fire, and studied its glowing depths. Tom, in deference to his father, carefully emptied his pipe of its ashes.

The elder Hollister's first words formed a question.

"What's that in your hand, Emmeline?"

"A tea-card for the twenty-ninth, from Mrs. Carson. I brought it in to show Tom. The whole family is asked."

"So at last afternoon teas have reached Philadelphia. I'd rather like to go, and see how they manage them in America."

"O Tom! do go; I'm so anxious for you to meet the Major's ward. She is the most fascinating girl! It isn't just silly enthusiasm on my part, either, all the men like her, and most of the girls. We met her at Long Branch last summer, and even though she knew I lived here she was nice and friendly, and didn't try to snub me as do most of the girls in her set."

"I'll go, Em, and take a look at your paragon," said Tom, lazily.

ACT III.

"I know he will be glad of your success."

—*Act ii, Scene 2.*

PRETTY little Emmeline might fancy in her girlish adoration of Frances Grey, that the card was sent in recognition of their acquaintance in the summer, and would probably rest under that sweet delusion all her days.

But when Mrs. Carson was requested by her husband to invite the Hollister family of Carnation Street to her most select of teas, his ward shrewdly surmised that business relations had something to do with opening the portals of society to these plebeian though wealthy people.

To tell the truth, the Major was not so prosperous as he had been a year ago, and, metaphorically, Thomas Hollister was the finger which kept the dyke of confidence from bursting and a sea of ugly creditors, now beating against the hard, cold wall of respectability, from rushing in.

This afternoon, the Major was taking an inventory of his guests.

No doubt the Major would have been startled to hear his procedure so coarsely defined. Nevertheless he had uncon-

sciously in his mind's eye a ledger, with two long lines of names under the respective headings—Money, Family—and seldom did one name belong in both rows.

"There's nothing like blood," he soliloquized, then, with infinite respect, in a lower voice, "but money."

"Now, Thomas Hollister's son they said possessed brains. He certainly will not be a beggar—and, perhaps—who knows? Well, Frances has enough blue blood to float herself and the son of a millionaire into any society."

At this moment Mrs. Hollister, gorgeous in red velvet, very tight in the sleeves and lengthy of train, entered the drawing-room on her husband's arm. Great was the disappointment when she saw the pale clinging silks both ladies were fond of wearing.

Emmeline, shy and strange in this crush of people, nervously presented her brother to Mrs. Carson and Frances. Tom made his few remarks to the ladies and was about to pass on when the Major, effusively grasping his hand, shouted in most military tones, so that all could hear, "Glad, my dear boy, to welcome you back!"

As this jovial greeting reached Mr. and Mrs. Hollister the diamond and emerald pin on that lady's capacious bosom rose and fell with triumph. Even her husband, though continuing to talk stock market, lost the thread of his discourse, and had to begin all over again.

Tom answered as best he could this surprising cordiality, but meeting the amused brown eyes of Miss Grey, despite his five years abroad, flushed painfully. The next instant Frances seemed to regret her indiscretion and slightly motioned to him. He left the Major and Emmeline and went to her side.

With the color coming and going in her pretty face she plunged into conversation by saying, most unconventionally:

"You have just come back from Europe? How refreshing it is, Mr. Hollister, to find you still an American. So many go for six months and return with an accent and a single eyeglass. Now tell me your impressions of society."

"Your question is comprehensive, Miss Grey—I have seen but little of Philadelphia society."

"I don't mean this," with an expressive little shrug, "but your ideas of foreign life. Come and see me soon, we are always at home Thursday evenings."

"Indeed I shall." The words were lost as some new arrivals entered, and a puffy old gentleman bore down on Miss Grey, announcing in a high-pitched voice, "a very old friend of your grandfather's, my dear."

After an ice and coffee the young people found their festive parents and began to leave.

The evening had not proved one of unalloyed bliss to Mrs. Hollister. When discovered, she was grasping her train with both hands—it would persist in getting under every one's feet, and now a doctor of divinity was planted squarely on the back breadth. He was deaf to all save his own flow of eloquence, so did not hear Mrs. Hollister's meek request to "please remove the obstacles," a phrase which, coming from Tom a few days before, had struck her as being particularly fine.

Her final remark as she gave a last wrench to the refractory velvet was distinctly audible. "Well if this is conclusive society, give me Carnation Street!"

Tom was unusually silent on the homeward drive, and upon reaching the house, went directly to his room.

There he picked up a small ink-stained copy of *The Merchant of Venice* and studied its dingy shabbiness deep into the night, with far more attention than Raffælle or Angelo had ever succeeded in obtaining from him.

ACT IV.

"While we shut the gate upon one wooer another knocks at the door."—*Act i, Scene 1.*

TOM and Emmeline Hollister could now be called "in society." Even if they were decidedly new their many friends and acquaintances who were in the charmed circle, by reason of blood or money, tacitly consented to kindly overlook their misfortune. It was only

by the strict avoidance of class questions that the uninitiated could guess they were "in" on sufferance.

And how did all this come about? Mainly through the Carson influence.

To be seen at the Carson residence gave a passport to other doors; and when the Major called Tom "dear boy," the rest of "the set" were more than willing to extend their delicate digits in greeting. Frances renewed her acquaintance with Emmeline, and it soon ripened into a friendship which she found much more interesting than that with her one-sided Fidas Achates, her mirror. The Major and his wife—poor little woman, one almost forgets her in the splendor of her husband, in fact, Frances's private name for Mrs. Carson was "The Minor"—appeared to approve heartily of the young people's intimacy, and Tom soon discerned that he was a privileged and welcome guest.

All this led to one natural ending. Tom Hollister fell in love with Frances Grey.

As yet she seemed quite unconscious of the young man's infatuation. She had long since dropped most of the little coquetties which at first fascinated him, but she was even more bewitching in the half patronizing cousinly manner she adopted instead.

Still, Tom hesitated months before making up his mind to tell Miss Grey of his "find" at Gunning's. There was some mystery about the shabby little book, but he hesitated to take advantage of the good feeling existing between them, and to seemingly pry into her affairs. Finally curiosity—not always confined to the female breast—conquered him, and one fine afternoon late in February he started to see Miss Grey, the *Merchant of Venice* with him.

The butler, by this time knowing him well, volunteered the remark that Miss Frances could be found in the conservatory, and allowed our hero to find his way unannounced.

The conservatory opened from the long, narrow parlor, as peculiar to the interior of Philadelphia houses as the almost historic marble steps of the exterior,

and Tom heard the sound of voices mingling with the slow drip of the fountain.

Unwittingly he became a spectator of a pretty little scene.

In a low bamboo chair sat Frances, an expression of distress and vexation on her sweet face. By her side, perched on a rickety three-legged Japanese structure called by courtesy a stool, sat Tom's would-be rival, Dickey Smythe.

Dickey had possessed himself of one of the girl's unwilling hands, and at this stage of the proceedings, was exclaiming in imploring falsetto accents, "Won't you, won't you, won't you!" While Frances, trying in vain to recover her fingers, repeated excitedly, "Don't you, don't you, don't you!"

At this crisis the treacherous stool snapped and doubled under Dickey, and that young man found himself literally at Miss Grey's feet, and—temporarily—she gave him her hand.

Tom appreciating the situation, discreetly backed out on tip-toe, and regained the hall, thankful to be able to keep his mirth within bounds.

Hastily he grasped hat, cane, and gloves, and departed, leaving the *Merchant of Venice* in full relief on the floor where it had fallen.

He passed Major Carson on the doorstep.

Five minutes after the study bell was rung violently. "Send Miss Grey to me," thundered the Major.

ACT V.

"I love thee, and it is my love that speaks."
—Act i, Scene i.

UNSUSPECTING Frances walked into the lion's den.

Her guardian sat in his writing-chair, his face the same shade as the leather. He said nothing, but glared at the girl. Knowing some remark was expected from her she said, timidly:

"You sent for me, Major?"

The Major gave two or three inarticulate grunts, expressive of rage, and pointed a stern forefinger at an insignificant object on the desk before him. Frances's

startled glance fell on her ill-fated *Merchant of Venice*. Involuntarily she stretched out her hand. This movement seemed to inspire the Major with speech.

"So," he exclaimed, "this is my reward for years of patient toil! You are like all the Greys—your father over again—just as thankless and extravagant, and unprincipled—"

"Stop, Major Carson, not a word more. I may be all you say, and I am sorry for this," glancing at the book, "but you shall not abuse my dead father to his only daughter!"

She paused, and the Major, his face livid with anger, screamed hoarsely, "How dare you, you impertinent girl! I'll—I'll—"

Frances sprang forward. The Major was falling, his face downward on the desk.

She called for James, and together they raised and carried him, breathing heavily and his eyes wide open, to his bed-room. An attack of apoplexy, long feared by his physician, had at length seized him.

Dr. Angus, whom they immediately sent for, looked serious, and calling Frances into another room, said,

"I know, my dear young lady, that your guardian inherits a tendency to apoplexy, but I think this must have been brought on by some exciting cause. Can you tell me if such is the fact?"

Frances burst into tears. Ever since she had seen his poor distorted face her remorse had known no relief. Quietly she worked and gave her orders to the servants, but her brain seemed on fire. Now she found consolation in pouring out her fears to Dr. Angus.

The old gentleman patted her hand reassuringly.

"I will not say that this did not hasten the disease, but at any rate it is hereditary, and I happen to know that he has had a good many business troubles lately, and that is doubtless at the root of the matter. So don't fret, poor child, his case isn't entirely hopeless by any means, now that I know all about it," and the good doctor went back to his patient.

Mrs. Carson, when she returned from

her afternoon drive, found, what seemed to her, her world upside down. She had never known her husband to succumb to anything physical in her nineteen years of married life. The sight of the Major lying there unconscious completely unnerved her, and she was easily persuaded to retire to her own room.

Among the first to hear of his illness was Thomas Hollister, and he and his son came in the evening to inquire about him.

Frances was in the parlor. The Major showing signs of returning consciousness, it was thought advisable to keep her out of his sight until he could bear her presence without danger of excitement, so she spent her time in wandering listlessly from room to room.

When she saw them she came forward. "I am glad it is you," she said, "for I hear he tried to speak your name, Mr. Hollister."

"I would like to know how it happened. So sudden—shocked me dreadfully—had no idea. My wife and daughter send sympathy. Emmie will be around in the morning. Anything we can do?"

Tom said little, but his honest face expressed as much sympathy as did his father's disjointed sentences.

"It all started from a wretched book he found in the hall," began Frances.

Tom's hand instinctively sought his pocket, but he listened attentively and said nothing until her story was finished, when he remarked:

"It is after all my fault," and he told how he had called with the book, and hearing voices in the conservatory—here Frances blushed, and Tom hurriedly went on—presuming she were busy he had gone without intruding, and must have dropped the book on his way.

"Yes," said the girl, truthfully, "I sold the book at Gunning's by mistake with others. I wanted a little money."

Here Dr. Angus came to the door, and beckoning mysteriously to Mr. Hollister, they mounted the stairs together.

"Perhaps the Major asked for him," suggested Tom.

Frances dolefully shook her head.

"I am so unhappy," she murmured. "If he should, should die, I would feel like a murderer."

"No, no, my darling," said Tom, coming quite close and taking her soft hand in his. "Frances, I know this is not the time to speak, but you are in trouble, give me the right to comfort and to love you. I know, dear, you are far too good for me, but I love you better than life. I only ask you to let me love you, and perhaps, in time you may learn to care for me a little."

Her face was hidden in her handkerchief. She made no movement, only the hand Tom held trembled a little.

"I must go now, Frances. I will never speak of it again. Forgive me for distressing you, dear. How could I expect you to care for me?"

He turned to go. Frances's hand had ceased to tremble. It still lay in his broad palm, and as he moved away her fingers clung to his with all their strength.

"Don't go," she whispered, indistinctly.

"This is cruel kindness," said Tom, wearily. "Let me go."

"You are so stupid," said the muffled voice, it must be confessed, a trifle rudely. Then the handkerchief was thrown impetuously aside, and a tearful, flushed face showed itself as Frances said, brokenly:

"You never thought to ask me if I loved you, and I do, Tom, I do."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Hollister a short time later.

"Come in, father," called Tom, cheerily, "come in and congratulate me on getting the sweetest little woman in the world for my wife."

After a daughterly kiss had been claimed and given, Frances asked:

"Do you think it wrong in me to be so very happy—" a grateful look from Tom—"when the Major is so ill?"

"Not by any means," Mr. Hollister replied, with decision. "Dr. Angus now thinks he will undoubtedly recover, and on the fly-leaf of this miserable book—"

"Oh! don't call it that," interposed Tom, "it's the best book in existence!"

"As I was about to say when you in-

terrupted me, you unmannerly young man, sir, on the fly-leaf I have written a full receipt for my share of his debts—and he owes the most to me. Now, Tom,

Frances must be tired with all this excitement, so let's go home and tell the family. If you intend saying good-night, I'll turn my back and stand in the vestibule."

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

BY EDWARD N. BARRETT.

I ALWAYS had an unaccountable aversion for work. Gentle reader, does that strike a responsive chord in your bosom?

If you are a gentle reader we will suppose that it does. It seems to be an accompaniment or, perhaps, a result of gentility.

Why, then, did I say unaccountable? Because I am not gentle. I was born of poor, but honest parents, and, by all the laws of analogy, ought to have been an energetic youth and a successful man. My friends and acquaintances need not be told that such is not the case; I have had urgent occasion more than once to tell them myself, but generally might as well not have done so.

I was not without an ambition, but it didn't run in any of the usual channels.

I never envied a Stewart nor a Vanderbilt his position and wealth, gained at a tremendous outlay of energy, mental and physical. Political ambition was still farther from me, for I could well understand the anxiety and responsibility increasing faster than the honor or profit, as one takes the upper grade.

There was a time, indeed, in my tender youth, when I inclined toward what were known as sinecure offices, but when I was old enough to look for one they were as hard to find as live mastodons, having fallen the first victims of that insatiate monster, civil service reform.

But the one absorbing desire of my childhood and youth always stayed by me. I wanted to find some vast treasure, accumulated by another's toil and hidden by his folly. Strange ambition? Not at all. With a little thought you will see that it is the only way in which a poor man without inclination for work can

ever hope to be in the position he desires—able to live without it. And now in the first flush of manhood my dream was about to be realized. I don't mind telling how it came about.

I have said that my father was poor; he was also industrious.

He had a little place of his own about half paid for, and was always making desperate efforts to pay the other half. Each year, as it came around, brought some unforeseen expense that prevented the mortgage from being lightened, while each coming year seemed big with the promise of plenty that was never realized. His father lived in the next county some fifty miles away, and appeared to be in very similar circumstances. He paid us a visit about every year, but my father never seemed glad to see him, for he only came when he was, *or pretended to be*, in desperate need of assistance. Not that my father was lacking in filial affection, but—there's no denying it—affection does take a back seat when our loved ones come to borrow or beg.

I never knew but little about the old gentleman; but, though a shiftless lad, I was not unobservant, and one thing I did notice about my grandfather—he bore a strong resemblance to the picture of a miser in an old book that I had read.

It was a miserable, bloody story, of an old fellow who had accumulated an immense amount of gold, which he had concealed in all sorts of unheard-of places, only to be tortured and finally murdered by ruffians who failed to find but a small portion of it.

From this accidental resemblance I formed an impression which I kept closely to myself, and which was the cause of the incidents I am trying to relate.

My grandfather died while I was still a youngster, and my grandmother, a lady of sterling qualities and of great conversational—not to say controversial—powers, survived him but a few months.

The preacher said “she had hastened to join him in a land where partings are no more,” which idea the neighbors expressed in other words by saying she was in a hurry to finish the argument that had been cut short by his last illness.

At all events she died, which is as far as an earthly narrative of this kind has a right to go, and my father, being the sole heir, put the place in the hands of tenants until such time as he thought I would be able to take charge of it.

I was his only son, and, as I had never shown either talent or energy for other business, he concluded to make a farmer of me in this small way; for it is well understood that, in the beneficent order of things, this business is especially adapted for those who are good for nothing else.

As I advanced toward manhood I began to look forward to this change with considerable interest, and my father was encouraged to believe that I was really showing some little evidence of ambition.

Just here I let the reader into the secret of this ambition, which was confided to no one at that time nor for years after.

My childish impression of my grandfather had been strengthened, and I thought corroborated by various things I had since heard.

The meagre way in which the old folks had lived; the fact that my grandmother was continually nagging him for money, and in vain; that he always left his store bills unpaid as long as possible, which meant till after he was dead for some of them: these added to my early recollections of his pinched physiognomy and frightened way of looking suddenly around, seemed to establish his miserly character beyond a doubt.

In due time I took possession of the place, with an elderly colored woman, who had always lived in that neighborhood, for my housekeeper. I flattered myself on the shrewdness of this selec-

tion, for like most women of her race, she had always had her eyes and ears open for whatever was going on in the neighborhood, and was more than ready to open her mouth and extend the information.

At first she showed some delicacy about telling me of the eccentricities of the old couple, but she soon learned that I was rather pleased than otherwise.

Many penurious acts she related which a shorter-sighted grandson would have refused to listen to, but I feared to shut up my source of information, and took them all in with a show of interest.

She told how he had once done the washing when his wife had the “rheumatics,” “an’ she perched up over him tellin’ on him how to do it, an’ any o’ the cullud people roun’ would a been glad to do it for fo’ shillin’.”

I mentally hugged myself at this with the thought—“that’s four shillings more for me when I find it.”

“I’ll warrant he didn’t rub the clothes very hard,” said I, thinking of the wear on the clothes.

“Laws no,” said she, rolling up her eyes, “that wouldn’t ’a been him! they were just as dirty after as they were before.”

Four shillings! I was never a brilliant arithmetician, but I often found myself trying to calculate how much of a sum he might have hoarded during his life by such tricks as this.

Of course I had something to do beside thinking. I set about farming after my own fashion.

Such fields as looked mellow and easily tilled I planted with various crops, but I carefully avoided plowing up the tough sod, thinking that it would yield enough wild berries to make up for what might be a scanty crop of grass. If there were any treasure hidden in the ground, I knew it would be too deep for a plow to find it.

One day I went to a neighbor’s to borrow a saw—I had few tools of my own—and he remarked “how that reminded him of my grandfather!” I at once pricked up my ears, anxious to get a little outside information, for by this time I had lost some of my confidence in the old

darkey's yarns. "Yes," said he, "yer grandfather was a great hand to borrow in his latter days. I can remember when he was quite a carpenter, an' had a good chist o' tools, but some way or another he parted with 'em, and was always a borrowing afterward."

I got the saw, but I suppose he fired this remark at me as a hint that it wasn't a desirable way for neighbors to get along. How he missed his aim! I lay awake that night chuckling over this shrewd dodge of the old gentleman's—"sold them, of course, stowed away the money, and then borrowed and wore out his neighbor's tools. Good enough!"

But reports weren't always so encouraging. Two or three days afterward I took back the saw and asked for a long-handled shovel; I had a short one but disliked the stooping necessary to use it.

This time I saw there was wrath in his eye as he said, "What's the use yer tryin' to make a livin' off o' that old place? If it could be done you aint the man to do it any more than your grandfather was. Better do as he did, spend yer time fishin'!"

He was using his shovel, he said, and I didn't get it, but I had got something to think about.

I ransacked my memory for a precedent. I could not recall a single miser out of my category who was in the habit of going fishing.

But doubtless they do, I comforted myself by saying. They were book misers that I had read about; mine was an actual flesh-and-blood specimen, and was entitled to his eccentricities. Besides, why wasn't it the most natural thing for a miser to do? Economy in regard to food was apt to be their first hobby, and so the old gentleman had spent his spare moments in replenishing his larder from nature's storehouse—a shop where there is no charge, but where, it is true, the clerks are apt to be slow in waiting on customers.

With the shrewdness of a natural detective, I was learning something new every day. One of the first things I learned was that farming was out of my line; for even with the best managers I

saw there was quick work and slow profit, and both these conditions were quite unsuited to my temperament. Nothing seemed to thrive and increase on my farm except the mortgage, and I turned all my attention in other directions.

Where my neighbors were too impolite to tell me my ancestor's failings, I carried on a harrassing warfare of borrowing, till I provoked from them all the points as to his habits that I needed.

Each petty act of parsimony that was related to me for the purpose of annoying, I received with the utmost good nature, only extracting from it the kernel of information that I wanted.

Many a scrap I gathered at the village grocery, where I patiently spent much of my time with this steadfast purpose.

The loungers told of many a scheme of his for the purpose of saving steps which they attributed to laziness. I let it go so, though I saw further than they—he had been trying to save shoe leather!

The case was finally made out beyond a doubt. Somewhere, in all probability on that little farm, was secreted the accumulated savings of forty years of grasping penuriousness. There may have been a flaw in my reasoning, but I could see none.

Now there remained, I perceived, the big end of the job—the finding of it. Not that I had been quite idle in this direction. My eyes had been open all the while for any possible or probable hiding-place. I brought my mental powers to bear on this question, as well as my knowledge of precedent, which was considerable.

There is a method in this miserly madness. Their first idea must be to put it where no other mortal can find it; the next to put it where they can find it themselves when necessary.

There was no chance of its being in the house or out-buildings, for they were all small and slightly built, and there was but the one alternative of burying it in the ground. Here was a nice task for one of my disposition to undertake. Every old tree and rock and stump was examined, and the ground carefully probed in all directions, for it is well

known that these places are generally chosen for burying treasure.

My next move was to take a bee-line between two prominent objects, and examine the middle point. In one search of this kind, my heart was brought to my mouth by discovering that the ground at this critical spot appeared to have been disturbed since the field was last plowed, which evidently had not been for many a year.

The turf had an uneven appearance that was unmistakable.

I was much excited but managed to control myself till night, for I had no notion of being interrupted by the neighbors at so delightful a crisis.

As soon as it was dark I sallied forth and fell to digging as I had never dug before, and never, *but once*, since. My spade struck something hard that was unlike a stone. I stooped and examined closely, for I was working without a light. It was a bone! A suspicious circumstance, but not what I had hoped for. I dug farther. Another bone and—what? Hoofs and horns! I hastily filled the hole and went home disgusted.

Every such stimulus, even though followed by reaction, as in this case, prompted me to some further search. By a happy provision of nature, the stimulus was remembered, and the reaction forgotten.

Some time after I was annoyed, for the moment, to find that a ne'er-do-well neighbor had seen me digging in the darkness—he was out coon-hunting, or something. Said he, “I had to laff to see ye pitchin’ in with yer shovel so. Dunno when I ever saw ye work so hard before. I remember when yer grandfather had that cow buried there. She was buried a plaguey sight deeper ’n he’d a done it, but ’twas hot weather, an’ he had some hard cider in his sular, an’ he gave a couple of us a gallon if we’d put her under ground.”

Here was one of those little shocks to my theory that occasionally disheartened me. “Why the fury,” I thought, “didn’t he sell his cider and bury the cow himself!” But in the man’s next words my breath was nearly taken away with de-

light. “You make me think o’ yer grandfather; I once see him a diggin’ in the dark; must have been diggin’ out a woodchuck or somethin’, an’ ’twasn’t like him, neither. You could hardly ever see him workin’ in the daytime to say nothin’ o’ the night. Hanged if I wouldn’t a’ looked there some time, to see if he hadn’t buried some money, but he was always so cussed hard up, I thought they wa’n’t no use in it.”

I nearly burst a blood-vessel trying to control myself. When I thought I could trust my voice, I inquired faintly what part of the farm the woodchucks used to bother most. He saw through my curiosity at once.

“If ye want to know where he was diggin’, why don’t ye ask me an’ done with it? I’d just as soon show ye. Come on!”

I told him I did have some curiosity to visit a spot where my ancestor had worked, and that, too, in the night-time.

He led me to a clump of trees that I had overlooked on account of their diminutive size, thinking them young, but it now occurred to me that, being scrub oaks, they were doubtless much older than they looked. My companion said he didn’t remember the exact spot, it was so long ago, but it was somewhere in here. I thanked him and went home, telling him unconcernedly that I might look closer some day.

As soon as darkness came I started for the place, armed with a shovel and a long slender crowbar, a tool that had been very useful to me in probing the ground to avoid too much shoveling.

I saw the likelihood of having a big job before me, and started in systematically.

How I worked for an hour or more!

Now the bar would go down half its length without meeting any obstruction; now it would strike a stone, which I had learned to know the “feel” of, and again it would “chug” against a softer substance, making me dig to find only the root of a tree.

I had probed more than half of the likely ground, and was nearly exhausted when my crowbar, for the dozenth time, struck a woody substance. Again I

probed at a little distance, and again it stopped at the same depth. "Root runs that way, eh!" was my murmured comment, still hoping that it wasn't a root, but after one or two more prods, always meeting resistance at the same depth, I fell to shoveling with all my might.

Here, certainly, was something out of the common. At the depth of a foot and a half my shovel struck it! It was a board, evidently the top of a box, for it yielded a hollow sound at the blow. Words convey no description of my feelings.

I know I should have swooned if I had thought there was time, but there was more important business, and my strength responded to the emergency. My hands would hardly hold the shovel, I was so nervous, but they had to hold it, and they did. I scraped the top of the box this way and that to find its extent. Mercy on us! It was full three feet long by nearly two wide, and—yes, iron-bound. What an old Cræsus he must have been!

Only twenty-five years old, and with such a find as this on my hands; here surely was happiness.

And as I worked I began to moralize. This wasn't just luck and nothing more; it was the result of a fixed purpose zealously, shrewdly followed, without turning to the right hand nor to the left. Heart, mind, and hand working together cannot fail in attaining the end, if within the bounds of possibility.

If I had—hark! What was that? Only an owl hooting down in the edge of the woods, but he might as well have been a score of masked robbers for the start and shiver that he gave me. I had never been afraid of robbers nor burglars, but now there was something to look out for. I got up and looked carefully around before I commenced digging again. The excavation had to be enlarged from the surface down, in order to get a good hold of the box, for I couldn't think of smashing the top in with the crowbar, this idol of mine, that I had vainly sought for years.

After another hour's hard work this

was done, and the chest stood out in all its (to me) beautiful proportions. It was nearly two feet deep and had a stout iron handle at each end. It was of oak and very little damaged by the earth in which it had lain so long.

I took hold of one end of the handles and found that, though heavy, it was not quite so much so as I had hoped. If it was gold it couldn't be very well filled, but likely as not it was half of it paper money. I tugged at it till I brought it to the top of the ground, and by that time had concluded to go to the house and get a chisel to open it with.

But what a pang it cost me to leave it there unprotected!

It was a starlight night and there was no sign of life anywhere about, except the occasional hoot of that wretched owl, or the sleepy chirp of a little bird in the branches overhead, that was being kept awake by the unusual disturbance.

Nevertheless, my fancy peopled the country about with a multitude of rogues and cut-throats lurking behind every bush, rock, and stump.

The murders of two or three of my miser-heroes hopped nimbly up to the surface of my memory at this juncture, and I became convinced that there was very little chance indeed of my coming out of this scrape alive. Armed with my shovel—I must carry some weapon—I made a break for my home, like a wild Iroquois running the gauntlet of a hundred tomahawks; but, unlike a wild Iroquois, I caught my toe in some creeping vine and pitched headlong. Jumping to my feet, I ran till my wind was exhausted, when I found that my fears had about gone with it.

After reaching home I gathered up such tools as seemed necessary, thoughtfully putting them in a stout sack, and retraced my steps more slowly, puzzling my brain as to what I should do with the money, now I had found it.

By the time I had got back to my treasure, I had concluded to deposit the whole of it in a bank in the next town, where I was not much known, thus avoiding comment and curiosity.

Oh! the exquisite delight of opening

that chest! Shall I ever feel the like again? I fear not. It was worth all the pains it had cost me. Now, the neighbors might keep their tools; I didn't want them. I should sell what few I had, and rest for one while.

That paltry grocer, too, might hold on to his goods that he had been so cautious about letting me have unless he saw the money.

I would pay up the old bill, get a receipt in full, and turn my back on him forever.

These exultant thoughts galloped through my head as I was chipping away the wood from around the lock, and finally with a stout blow I drove the chisel clean through, and pried up the lid.

The light from the stars was not very brilliant, being obstructed by the branches overhead, but I plunged my hands into the upper till or drawer and brought forth—what? One or two rusty chisels and a small saw! What rattlebrain work was this? Again I reached in deeper, and brought up an auger and a plane.

The old idiot! why should he bury these things with his money?

The next time I reached clear to the bottom and felt carefully around, oblivious to whatever vermin might have a home there.

As I live there was nothing but an assortment of carpenter's tools, of ancient pattern and covered with rust. Filled with wrath and disgust, I got my hands under the bottom, dumped the thing upside down, and gave it a resounding kick. Jingle-smash! Down came tills and tools, saw, broad-axe, and square, all in a heap. Not so much as a fifty-cent piece in the whole business!

I clawed them over, heartily cursing the miserable old deceiver, and wondering what kind of a fool he was. But stay! What was that? Only a scrap of paper, but I caught at it like a drowning man at a straw. That tells the story perhaps; gives accurate directions for finding the more valuable prize.

But I couldn't read it. The writing had never been of the best and required more than starlight to decipher it by. I

left everything just as it lay and hastened homeward again.

Every tired step seemed to jar my spirits and my very heart clear down into my boots. This stupid waste of valuable tools had knocked the bottom from under my theory, and nothing was now holding it up but this wretched scrap of paper.

Lighting a lamp I read, with some difficulty, "If ennybody finds this tool-chist they may wonder how it come thare. I don't mean to say ennything again' my wife for she is a uncommon well-mening woman, but I never have a minnit's time to set down in the house for if I say they's no work outside she's always got some tarnal tinkerin' to do. it's dores er winders er closets er chares er some-thin' that wants mendin', she knows I've got tools an' know how to use um an' I sha'n't have a minnit's pece of my life till their gone an' now their stole. Somebody's stole um an' that's all Ile tell about it.

"J. D—."

Up to this point my recollection is vivid. Every little event seems clearly outlined on the tablets of my memory, but from here everything seems dim and lacking in interest.

All this was but a few years ago, but what changes those years have wrought! One of the first was a change in the ownership of that farm. I was quite reconciled to it, but was not consulted.

Even this little courtesy was withheld when the sheriff took charge.

Disappointment and trouble have left their marks upon me. My hair is thinner than it should be at my time of life, and my step, I sometimes think, slower.

Still I have as good an appetite as any one I know, though my means of satisfying it are not all that could be desired.

One thing occurs to me just here. I said at the start that my distaste for work was unaccountable. It is all clear now. It was a part of my meagre inheritance from that lazy old man. How much of bitterness that inheritance has brought into my life—and how little work! Perhaps after all it is an even thing. Here is something worth thinking about.

FIRST ATTEMPTS OF FAMOUS LITERARY WOMEN.

BY CARRIE EARLE GARRETT.

EVERY trivial episode in the lives of the authors of the books we love is of deep interest. It is pleasant knowledge to us that Shelley expended the proceeds of his first romance, *Zastrozzi*, in a magnificent regale to his friends; that Burns' first poem found its inspiration in a "sonsie" Scottish girl with whom he was making hay, and that the idol of American girls, Louisa M. Alcott, wrote an ode to a robin when she was eight years of age. Most of all we desire to know about beginnings, not only from biography but from the living. When the apprentice is happy enough to meet an artist in his own particular craft who has attained eminence, he is eager to know something of the mysterious process by which success is achieved. "How did you begin?" he demands. "What was the first thing you did?" This question I have put to a number of well-known women writers of our country and our day, that the multitude of our ambitious girls may know something of first steps toward fame.

Mrs. Apelia Barr writes that her first essays at authorship were poems written when she was about twelve years of age, and published in the *Whitehaven Herald* Whitehaven—a seaport town in Cumberland, England. Mrs. Barr adds: "But the first work I did for money was done in the year 1870, for the *Christian Union*, then under the editorship of Mr. Beecher and Mr. George Merriam. It was an article called 'The Epiphany in the West Riding.' My first story appeared in that paper and was called 'Content,' my second in the *New York Ledger* and was called 'Out of Egypt.' After this I do not remember, for I wrote regularly and constantly for the *Christian Union* and *Ledger*, and in these two papers I served the first year of my apprenticeship to literary work. Others rapidly followed, but Mr. George Merriam and Mr. Robert Bonner gave me my

first encouragement and literary impetus. They paid me well and kept me up to my highest mark, and I must always retain a grateful memory of them."

"Does an author ever forget the first time she sees herself in print?" asks Marion Harland. "I could repeat almost *verbatim* my first published 'article.' Such a thin little shred it was! It appeared in the Richmond (Va.) *Star*, and the caption ran thus:

SCRIBBLINGS ABOUT TOWN (No. 1),

BY A LADY.

"The 'lady' was not fourteen years old, and in short frocks. I wrote six articles under the same heading—mere jottings of current events and comments upon the same, which I know now were crude and flippant. I do not respect that editor now. Then he was like unto the gods in my esteem, although I never saw him. Nor had he the remotest idea who his correspondent was.

"No subsequent publication—no, not all of them put together—have given me the thrill that coursed through my (then) small figure at sight of myself 'set up' in real print."

And yet it is plain that some authors do forget these first fruits of which Marion Harland speaks so feelingly. Louise Chandler Moulton says she is sorry that her memory will not serve her as to her first appearance in type, and adds pathetically that she was only fifteen years old when she began to write, and since then she has had so many things to remember." Mrs. John A. Logan, editor of the *Home Magazine*, has no recollection of her first article. She began her work when she was very young, but did not use her own name until after General Logan's death. Mrs. Logan says: "I enjoy literary work very much, and hope that I may yet write something that will be worthy of preservation and

comment." Mary Mapes Dodge, the well-known editor of *Saint Nicholas*, states that she positively cannot remember the first thing she published.

Isabella M. Alden, or "Pansy," the pretty name by which this writer is most widely known, began to write for local newspapers at the tender age of nine, and always looked forward to making literature her profession. Her first book, however, was *Helen Lester*, which was written for a prize competition and carried off the honors, much, says the writer, to her surprise. Mrs. Alden says of this, her first ambitious effort:

"Of course it was pleasant to see myself in print; but the happiest hour of which I have any recollection was the one in which I presented my father and mother each with a copy of the book, and with twenty-five dollars inclosed in each, my birthday gift of my entire earnings. I love to recall the many little devices to which that blessed father and mother of mine resorted to help me on in the line of my tastes. The very name I use, 'Pansy,' was given to me as a child by my father, to use in signing an article for the paper; this because he judged it wiser not to have a child's name appear in print, or to allow others to know that she was writing. I have often in later years thanked him in my heart for this wisdom, and the dear little name clings to everything I write."

It seems to me that there is a very sweet, filial tribute in the story of *Helen Lester*.

Rose Terry Cooke relates that her maiden effort in authorship was a small poem on the death of General Harrison, the grandfather of our present President, written when she was fourteen. Her first story was called "Our Kitchen," and was published in *Graham's Magazine* three years later.

Mary Kyle Dallas has resurrected a scrap of print which she says she kept for old times' sake. The following is a copy of the first stanza:

"Oh, wind that bloweth o'er the sea,
Bear thou this kiss to Adelaide;
And zephyr soft, bring back to me
Another from my lovely maid—

And yet, ah no!
I'd jealous grow
If zephyr with her soft lips played."

Mrs. Dallas says: "The poem was written when I was about thirteen years of age, and appeared in a paper called the *Evening Mirror*. I had written before this—principally little plays which we children performed in the kitchen, in which my father built us a stage and arranged a curtain. But I was bashful about my verses because they were terribly romantic. However, 'Adelaide' slipped out of my portfolio, my mother found it, read it, and was 'to its virtues very kind and to its faults a little blind.' An editorial friend saw it, and it was published—to my delight, of course. I published some fifteen or twenty of these little poems and some prose bits before I was married. But my professional career began with a story I wrote 'How We Nearly Starved to Death on Christmas Day'—a tale of a Bohemian and jolly family who spent all their money in toys for the children one Christmas, and were within an ace of going without dinner to which they had invited guests. This was published in the *Sunday Times*, and I was engaged by the editor to write a series which I called 'The Pralter Papers.'"

Kate Field, the widely-known lecturer, and editor of that spicy puff-tart of the Capital City—*Kate Field's Washington*—writes that her first article appeared when she was eight years of age, and its theme was an account of an excursion to the country. Eight years old! The doll baby and lollipop age! This is literary precocity for you.

"The first thing of mine ever published," says Celia Thaxter, "was a short poem called 'Landlocked,' the first poem in my first volume. I wrote the verses to please myself, with not a dream of their being printed. I gave them to a friend of mine, a lady who loved the sea, and knew how homesick I was away from it. She gave them to Mr. T. W. Higginson, who was then on the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he gave them to James Russell Lowell, then editor-in-chief, who quietly printed them without saying 'by

your leave,' first christening the poem 'Landlocked,' for I had given it no title. I was more surprised to see my words in print than I can tell you, for of such a thing I had never thought. I never *sought* a hearing; it was, as one might say, forced upon me, for after having once spoken, certain literary friends and editors insisted on further speech, and gave me no peace till I complied. 'It is thy kismet; thee *must* do it,' said my dear friend, Mr. Whittier, and so I went on writing."

Mrs. Emily Lovett Cameron writes from London as follows:

"The first thing I ever wrote was a story in two parts called 'Poor John,' which was accepted by *Tinsley's Magazine*, and appeared in two consecutive numbers with illustrations which were not altogether beautiful. The notices of this short tale were so flattering that I was encouraged to write something more, and I set to work at once upon my first three-volume novel, 'Juliet's Guardian,' which ran for a year through *Belgravia*, a monthly magazine and was afterward brought out in three-volume form. Since that time, now fifteen years ago, I have been constantly engaged either at novel or serial work."

"My first candidate for public favor," says Octave Thanet, "was a little story entitled 'Hugh's Waiting.' It was published in the *Davenport Gazette*, at the request of a good friend of mine who was temporarily acting as editor. I was just out of school at the time and very pleased to appear in even local print. I had sense enough to recognize the crudeness of my work, and, for a long time after this, did not attempt to publish in any more ambitious form. At the time that 'Hugo' appeared, I sent my raw studies all around and saw for myself that the editors were right. Some years later a friend advised me to try again. I had been studying and writing, but not sending what I did anywhere. I gave the matter two months' serious thought, very serious thought. Then I wrote the story that is published in *Knitters in the Sun*, under the title of 'A Communist's Wife.' I sent it to three magazines,

the last of the three, *Lippincott's*, accepting and publishing it. Since then, while for some time my wares were obliged to travel a good deal for their market, they always did find one. Now I only write to order, which has both advantages and disadvantages. I have found the criticisms of editors most valuable, and feel a hearty gratitude to the blue pencil; while my relations with my publishers have been of the pleasantest. I can only hope that they are as well satisfied as I. Perhaps I have not expected the earth, knowing how small a portion of it I really deserved.

"When I shall write something that will stir my own enthusiasm, I may expect both enthusiasm and its price from others; so far, I have not been so fortunate. As the negroes say, 'I do try and endeavor' to interpret life according to the facts, to view it sanely and temperately, and to do no mischief to the English language. These may not seem difficult ideals, but just try them for a while! They have plenty of scope for work.

"I have spent hours over the style of a single crucial page; I have, indeed, spent hours seeking for the right word; while I could not count the hours that I have toiled at unlimbering my style, in order that my sentences might not go off like the patter of feet, each separate, each almost like the other; but rather might be like the foliage of a tree, parts of one harmonious and necessary whole."

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of *Ethelind's Mistake* and many other pretty stories of home life, speaks as follows of her successful career as a novelist:

"I can scarcely remember a time when I was not writing something, or when the something to be written was not begging in my brain, and I was only fifteen years old when I first saw myself in print. I called my effusion a poem, but I know now that it did not deserve the name. It was published in the same paper with an article which was really poetry from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and because it was put in the column above hers, I was vain enough to

think that it was superior to hers and felt flattered accordingly. But all such conceit was knocked out of me as the years went on. Still the launching of my bark upon the sea of literature was very easy, with few rebuffs or rejections of manuscript. Indeed, since the day when Appleton accepted my first book, *Tempest and Sunshine*, giving me ten per cent. on the retail price of all sold, I can only recall two or three instances where an article was returned with 'compliments and regrets, and a

little too sensational for us' with regard to one, and a little too something else with regard to the other. Criticisms in plenty I have had, as what writer has not, but so long as my books are written with an honest purpose to do good as well as to amuse, and so long as they sell, I care little for the opinion of some man or woman, which may be prejudice, or indifference, or indigestion, rather than justice, and I sincerely wish that the beginning of every young author's career may be as easy as was my own."

SET APART.

BY CHARLES BLANCHARD.

THERE are sacred places still set apart
On the earth to the things of the heart.
There's a little spot where the daises grow,
And johnny-jumpups, somewhere—low
Down in the tufts of the tangled grass,
Where only those who love them pass.

In the midst of the fields is a little plot,
By some kind improvidence forgot,
Where Nature's remnants of her race
Of flowers and fruits still find a place ;
Where the wild crab-apples blossom fair,
And the white plum blossoms scent the air.

There's a hillside set toward the rising sun,
Where the blue-bells bloom, and the wild grapes run
Riot through the tops of the tallest trees,
Known best to the bothersome boys and bees :
So Nature hides her fragrance sweet
For the quick of heart and the nimble of feet.

You may cross the run by the foot-path log
Where acres of buttercups grow in a bog ;
And lovers may gather them there in May,
With the dew fresh upon them, and carry away
Armfuls to wither up, one by one,
Kissed by the lips or kissed by the sun.

WITCHED.

BY LILLIAN A. NORTH.

I.

"WHY come here? Well—because I am *peculiar*," with reckless hurry on the emphasis.

"But I do not see why I should be sacrificed to your peculiarity," said Mrs. Somers, with beautifully reasonless argument, after having insisted on accompanying her niece.

"Nor I," said Gertrude Hampstead, meaningly. "But you know I warned you that I should take a real rest, and follow my instinct rather than conventionality, as to what should and should not engage my attention."

"A pretty poor guide your instinct makes, Gertrude. Heaven knows it was necessary for me to follow you, even to the ends of the earth. Since poor Manville died you seem so rejoiced at your freedom that there is no limit to your wild streak. I don't believe you feel your loss one bit. And as for this wretched hole, how I shall endure a month here passes my comprehension."

"Don't fret, auntie," said Gertrude, with a half smile. "You have the bay within a mile or so, all the farm produce you want, and I'll turn my maid over to you completely."

"Yes, but what's going to compensate me for the loss of my complexion, and society in general? I shall do nothing but rust."

"Rusticate, auntie. It will do you good. Now, hear my complaints a bit—ah, well, never mind!"

"Invite some people down here and take a house to yourself," said her aunt, as a last resource.

"Not I. Did you see that shy-faced boy at the table this morning, auntie?"

"I'm not blind. Your eyes were on him all breakfast time."

"Nice enough—but quite a boy," said Gertrude, as if to herself. "Can't be more than eighteen."

"Are you speculating on another vic-

tim?" asked the elder woman. "Manville has hardly been cold in his grave a year."

"Pshaw! You must know—but I will not talk to you." She caught up a big hat and left the house. The sunlight touched her girlish figure as she paused a moment on the porch, and the morning air caressed her eyes to gleaming depths unusual. Though a widow, and twenty-five, Gertrude Hampstead was still a woman whom men must notice.

A boy's slender figure wheeled round the end of the house, and Lorimer Dering, as he came in sight dropped his fishing tackle to look up at the careless beauty of Gertrude's attitude.

"The interesting boy who sits opposite me at the table," Mrs. Hampstead was saying to herself, and then she caught his earnest upturned eyes and smiled.

"You are going fishing?"

"I am going to tramp it to the shore," he answered, with a faint color like a girl's coming and going through her notice of him. "But I don't think I'll carry the rods down to-day."

"No?" softly but absently.

"That's if—perhaps you are going—" Again she smiled. "I am going bathing."

"Can you swim?"

"No—o. You do, I suppose? Nobody ever succeeded in teaching me to strike out simultaneously with both hands and feet. My lower members never would agree to do what the upper ones did."

"You know it is easier to just paddle and let yourself float at first," venturing to her side and taking a step on the way to the shore which she followed. "I think I could teach you."

Another smile, and this time it was a little incredulous. "I don't even know who you are."

"Only Lorimer Dering—down here for a week or so with another fellow."

"And the other fellow?" questioned she gently.

"Oh! Wilbur. He's a son of that big merchant in your city. You must know him. He told me all about you," he said, with boyish reasoning.

"Of course I know *of* him, but I'd rather know of you," was her gracious reply.

"Would you though, really? That's awfully nice of you, Mrs. Hampstead," and he plucked two or three great blossoms from a wild sweet-potato vine and twisted them into a sort of wreath for her.

She winced at the name, but accepted his flowers.

"Why, we're on our way to the beach!" she said with gentle surprise. "Well, since it is so, tell me about yourself, Lorimer."

"Lori," he corrected, pleadingly.

"Then Lori," she repeated, laughingly, to please him. "How many fights have you seen, and how many fought?"

"I've seen a good many, but only been in *one*," he answered shyly. "You know," half apologetically, "my fusses all seemed to be with little fellows whom I could not fight."

"And what about the *one*? You didn't settle that by arbitration?"

"No. He didn't do much to me. But he was such a mean scoundrel, and so big the fellows were sort of afraid of him. It made me mad, and I loosed into him one day. I got bruised, too, but I think *his* bruises did him good."

"Meaning that yours didn't. What's this for?" He had broken off a cob of sugar corn, and stripped it for her special delectation.

"Haven't you ever tried it fresh from the stalk? It's nice when it's young. His brown eyes sparkled, and he set his teeth firmly in another cob, by way of example.

"Everything young is nice," thought Gertrude, as she took in the boy's slender form, with its promise of supple grace and manly proportions, his deep eyes touched to a golden brown in the sunlight, and above all the shapely brown hand that yet lingered on the stalk where he had plucked the corn. There

was a fresh charm in it all that appealed to the stifled youth in her own heart, and she longed to be like the boy, really enjoying the raw pulpy stuff his teeth met with evident eagerness. Involuntarily she raised the cob she held to her own dainty mouth, and the immaculate pearly things men loved to watch and admire dug with decision at her self-imposed task. Lori had finished his, when all at once she thought of Mrs. Somers' horror if that dear aunt should see her at her present occupation. She flung the cob away and broke into a soft peal of laughter, in which her companion joined, hardly knowing that he did so.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Lori," she said at last, and broke off into another ripple. "I suppose you half guessed the cause of my mirth?"

"No I didn't, and I don't care. I just think it's jolly of such a grown-up lady to laugh like that. One would think you were about sixteen."

Gertrude pouted a little, hardly knowing whether the awkward boy's compliment pleased her or not.

"I want to be a sailor," he broke out as they neared the beach, and the plashing waves sounded their dull monotone all around them.

"No, Lori, no! not that. You can't rise fast enough in seafaring life, and you weren't cut out for the rough drudgery. I am afraid your first week of service would break your splendid fighting record. You can't stand abuse of any kind, and the irons would break your spirit." She was talking fast and seriously, as though the danger were near at hand, and her advice could save him from it.

"Well, then I won't, if you say so," he blurted forth in his most boyish style. "Forget my fancy, and let's go bathe."

She returned in the space of a few moments, her dainty figure encased from top to toe in blue, and her hair flying like a mermaid's. Lori regarded her with unfeigned admiration as she stood on the shining sands.

"It's so funny," he said, reflectively, "most people look awful in bathing suits. But you look good."

She shivered within herself at his questionable adjective; but finally accepted the compliment gracefully, and taking his outstretched hand dashed in against the incoming tide.

Auntie had waited half an hour beyond lunch time, and finally her impatience carried her on to the porch, spy-glass in hand. There was the sedate Mrs. Hampstead arm-in-arm with Lorimer Dering proceeding *very* leisurely toward the cottage; while from the young fellow's right hand hung the united weight of their wet suits.

II.

"You are capable of anything after this," said auntie in her most indignant tones. "A young lad like that! I'll tell his mother, that I will. Anyway you sha'n't go to the beach with him alone again, if I have to go myself."

"We always walk, you know, auntie," said Gertrude, quietly.

Mrs. Somers groaned. "I must go, and if it kills me, you alone are to blame. Such a queer girl as you I hope I may never be aunt to again. If you hadn't the money for horseflesh you'd be running in debt to get it; but as it is you must walk, and kill me and yourself for a whim."

"Whatever I have is at your disposal, auntie. If it is too tiresome to walk drive down and chaperone me when you get there."

"Oh! yes! And what about the mischief on the way?"

"Please yourself, then. Lori and I are going this afternoon, right now in fact."

Mrs. Somers got as far as the country store. "If I could get the muslin here, Lucille could make me that apron this afternoon," she said, suddenly. "Only I wanted you to cut it out, Gertrude."

"Any other time, auntie," her niece remarked, impressively.

"Well, I believe I'll stay behind and attend to it myself. Lucille has idle moments enough. Don't be too long away, Gertrude," in a warning tone.

"Isn't the maid to have a little bit of vacation, too?" asked Lori.

"Oh! that was only auntie's excuse for getting out of the walk," replied she, complacently. "Women very rarely say exactly what they mean, but everybody is supposed to know all the same."

"Are you like that?" asked the boy, with a troubled light in his eyes.

"Tell me," said Gertrude, lightly ignoring his question, "what is your greatest ambition?"

"To be a gentleman," he answered in his most natural way, "and above all not to play with girls as some fellows do."

Mrs. Hampstead paused, and her flashing glance went from the boy's face to the toe of her dainty boot, and back again.

"Lori, my dear, the earth, the sea, the sky, the free air—all are yours to love. Cherish them *alone* to your heart's content. But if you do not play with women they will play with you. I think, perhaps, I was too abrupt with poor auntie. If you will go on alone, I'll go back and cut out the apron for her."

Young Dering flushed hotly. "If you go back, I'll go with you. I thought you said your aunt did not mean really to have the apron made."

She smiled. "Again, Lori. You should not question what women say. Come, we will go on to the beach."

They walked on in silence. The air was noisy with the songs of summer insects, but all else was still until they reached the shore. They went on till the blue waves lapped their feet, and then Gertrude looked up suddenly with a surprised exclamation.

"Why, there's auntie driving down in a regular carryall! Well, we won't be cheated out of the beach. Why not drive along as far as the tide will let us. Ah, auntie! you made good time. Come with us, will you, Lori?"

So Dering hands her in and then jumps up beside her.

"You needn't both sit on the same side," says Mrs. Somers. "It will overbalance the vehicle."

"We'll look after the equilibrium, auntie. Lori," in a whisper, "that's

one of my ribbons you're pulling," and her hand went behind the seat to stop his mischievous raid. The boy's brown hand caught her delicate fingers half-fondly, half-shyly, and as she did not draw them away on the instant, his hand closed firmly over hers for the rest of the drive. It was all behind the seat. To all appearance Mrs. Hampstead was giving the young fellow some grave, womanly advice, which auntie listened to and marveled greatly that the boy's face should be lit meanwhile with that self-satisfied almost manly smile as though he were in possession of the whole situation instead of being worsted greatly in the argument.

Gertrude refused the boy's aid on alighting, and with a demure smile on her face went quietly to her own room. Her one soft, bare hand was a little crushed from recent and prolonged pressure. She turned it over from palm to back, from back to palm again, and at last carried it to delicate distended nostrils. "Yes, decidedly. It smelt of him, of the sun-burned, rain-washed, salt-breezed youth. Then she went to the wash-basin and tried to get the creases lighter and the aura fainter, and hummed to herself the while:

"I thought of the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even,
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky
He sang to my ear, and he sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
Bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild sea-shore."

"Lori," she said that evening as the young fellow lounged about the veranda where she sat, "I'm afraid you're lazy. The others catch fish, and they are off morning, noon, and night making the most of the sea breezes."

"I'm twenty," said Dering, hotly, and rather reasonlessly it seemed to her

unless he thought himself too old to be criticised.

"Not all that!" she said, lightly. "But never mind, you are but a boy after all's said and done. Confess, too, you don't like work!"

She got no answer. Lori had disappeared.

III.

THE next morning Mrs. Hampstead took breakfast in her room and refused to stir out all day.

"What are the people making a fuss about, auntie?" she asked from the midst of her cushions.

"Nothing much. Only that young man you paid such great attention to has broken the record with a haul of fish. One drum weighs forty pounds they say. He (I mean Dering) has been off since three this morning."

"Is that all?" said Gertrude, yawning first and then wreathing her lips into a faintly preceptible smile.

"I'm going to look after Lucille. If you want me, send."

"All right, auntie. I've got everything I need, thank you."

When Mrs. Somers had departed a faint tap sounded on Gertrude's door.

"Come in, Lucille, you nuisance!" she cried in a voice smothered with cushions.

"I am not Lucille, but I may be a nuisance," said Dering, shyly.

"Nonsense, Lori! I've got the *Heimweh*. So nice of you to come and see me."

"I didn't come for that," he said blandly. "I only want you to take back what you said about my being lazy."

"Oh!" and she buried her head a moment. "Well, I've heard all about the fish, and I won't call you lazy any more. Here's my hand on't."

He took her dainty jeweled fingers in his warm young clasp a moment, but dropped them the next and turned to go. At the door he paused. "Are you going down to the beach?"

"No, Lori; not to-day."

He went without another word, and the undefined trouble and reproach in

his clear brown eyes came between her sight and the novel for the rest of the day.

IV.

"DERING takes with the country girls," said his friend Wilbur on the piazza that evening. "One of them put a rose in his button-hole this morning and he's been off with her ever since, not excepting meals."

The doubtful day had sunk in drizzling rain, and the party soon turned in-doors. Gertrude alone remained outside. Dering came across the lawn a little while after. His head hung disconsolately. He passed unseen by her, made a sudden pause, and then turned again and took his way to the store. Whatever other place was dull of an evening that country store was cheerful. All the wits and the loungers of the neighborhood found their way to it at dusk and remained till bed-time.

Gertrude watched the boy's solitary figure down the muddy road a little impatiently, and with a sudden impulse seized a man's umbrella near at hand to follow. The spring worked stiffly, and in her haste she shut a piece of her tender flesh in it. It was sharp work releasing it, but she wrenched it away roughly, and took her way down the road with determination. Her feet sank ankle deep in mud, and the rain drizzled miserably about her, but she heeded neither.

They all said "Good evening" in the tiny place when she arrived, but it was rather a surprised greeting.

She felt ill at ease, as though she had been caught at some foolish child act, and after making a few unnecessary purchases turned to go.

Dering was there, but he took no notice beyond a casual greeting. She opened her umbrella again, herself, and went forth again, alone. The rain peppered down, and the wind actually whistled now. Gertrude paused disconsolate half-way to the cottage,

"Mrs. Hampstead," called a voice. "Are you there? Wait a moment."

And then Lori was beside her and

had taken her umbrella into his stronger keeping.

"I thought you had deserted me." She tried to say it lightly, but it sounded rather serious.

She heard a little sob from him, and then nothing more till his hand touched hers and pressed a box of chocolates into it. They were his message of reconciliation.

What a boy! Her first impulse was to laugh; her next to cry. After all she was to blame, and she alone. Why did she bestow a second thought on such a child? His eyes, his warm, pulsing bounding youth, his boyish attempts at admiration had these won her to him? Perhaps auntie was right. She might need watching.

"Good-night, Lori," she said to him in her most motherly tone. "I'll eat your bon-bons in the morning."

V.

SHE was just starting for the beach early the next day when Dering strolled on to the piazza with a wistful look in his eyes.

"I've got something to do this morning," he said, slowly. "Shall I do it, or go with you?"

"What is the something?" she asked, indifferently.

"A sort of duty—"

"Oh! perform it by all means," she interrupted, quickly. "Duty first always."

"Before pleasure," he answered, "yes. But you will go down with me after lunch?"

"I'll see. Be good."

When she returned from her dip in the sea, the boy was holding hot discussion with Wilbur and a number of country fellows.

"The old lady has been awfully nice to us. We'll all kiss her when we go away. You'll fall in, of course, Dering?"

"I'd rather kiss younger ladies," said Lori, with a big air, and turned to meet Gertrude face to face.

She smiled. The poor boy blushed.

"You have not told me the cause of

"your desertion yesterday," she said, as he bounded beside her that afternoon.

"I do not like to," he murmured, confusedly. "You speak in that light tone."

"Do I? Then I'll alter it. Think I am your mother, Lori, and confess like a good boy."

He darted away into a wooded covert and left her to walk quietly on alone. But there was a slow smile upon Gertrude's face that told much. She knew he would join her again, and therefore made no sign when his supple figure emerged from the orchard, and his fair, boyish face looked timidly at her for approval.

"It's mean to say it," he told her at last with effort, "but it was one of those cases when a fellow has but one course, however unwelcome. She pinned a flower in my button-hole of her own accord, and then she was going my way. I could not either go ahead or lag behind, so I walked beside her, and soon she had my arm—and—and after that—I don't know, but I spent the whole day with her. But—but, Gertrude, I hate her."

Gertrude, indeed! The boy was progressing. Mrs. Hampstead was divided between a strong desire to laugh and play the jealous tyrant; but, despite herself, the pleading face beside her awoke a fighting, smothered little pain within her, and she could more easily have shed tears.

"There is no doubt, Lori," were her first words, "but that you are weak or you would have invented some excuse to get away from the intangible chains that held you. But, my dear boy, don't look so troubled about it. No one has any claim over you, or may dictate what you shall or shall not do, save—perhaps—your mother. And, Lori, you will forgive me if my interest in you has presumed to invest me, even in fancy, with any of her rights."

Her voice had taken an unconscious pleading accent which would have charmed the birds themselves. And she moved gently like a sprite beside him, her soft delicately scented draperies rust-

ling in the grass behind her, and wrapping him in their entrancing aura.

"You cannot," he began, and then turned his glance upon her. "You—you know that no girl I ever met can come up to you."

A little sense of dissatisfaction pervaded Gertrude's mind. She was on the verge of loving this brown-eyed boy, with the grace of a deer in his form and all the divine poetry of the old masters in his ideal face. But he revealed the boy so lamentably, her heart misgave her when she did not chance to look into his eyes. "Put those eyes into another—an older—a more worldly face for me," she cried in fanciful pleading to some superstitious god, "and I will obey the call of my inward woman's nature."

"Lori," she said, in a little murmuring voice, "you want to be a gentleman. Be one, dear. I had no right to speak to you of women as lightly as I did. Follow your own instincts with regard to us."

"Woman is a holy word to me," said the boy, unsteadily. "God ordained that the face of Christ should be like hers—the flowing hair—the—"

She interrupted him gently. "See that dark cloud! There is a storm right over our heads. What shall we do in this open place?"

"It *will* be a storm, too," he said, quickly sensible of her danger. "We haven't time to get to the bath-houses, and they are poor shelter. Stay! There's Wilbur's cottage, only I don't know the people who have it this season. Still, we might shelter there."

The dark, ragged clouds scurrying overhead seemed to her in that moment symbolic of a pursuing vengeance as she clung wildly to his proffered arm.

The storm broke almost before they could reach the sheltering cottage piazza. There were no preparatory drops. The sky opened its flood-gates suddenly and let a deluge through the aperture. The noisy thunder increased above, and forked lightning played across the dark horizon now closing ruthlessly like a girdle about the swelling ocean.

The house bell pealed loudly from the impetus of Dering's anxious hand, and

a maid as frightened as themselves gladly let them in. The family were out, she said. Gone to bathe. She did not expect them back till the storm abated. Would the lady and gentleman wait in the parlor?

Gertrude found a quiet alcove in the room whose window faced a thick clump of dwarf pines. She was exhausted and nervous, and had given herself up, womanlike, to his guidance. He had risen to the emergency to an extent that made her half-afraid. His face showed by its very pallor a new-born, man-like strength, and his brown eyes gleamed with a new-kindled fire as they looked into hers.

The room became suddenly dark—a startling report broke above the house, which was followed by a blinding glare and the thud of a stricken tree.

"It frightens you," he murmured, and in the dead hush that followed moved nearer, took one trembling hand in his, and passed his arm protectingly about her waist.

"Gertrude!" In the momentary ecstasy her name escaped his lips. It had the ringing note of pain, and burst from a surcharged heart.

Surprised and touched, she forgot her terror at the storm, and responded gently, as to a child, "What is it, dear?"

Tears, too hard-wrung for boyish grief, wet the cheek she felt against her own, and with a sob she put him away.

"Don't!" he pleaded, breathless, hurried, brokenly. "You *will* wait for me, won't you, Gertrude?"

But Gertrude had dropped her chin in her hands and was staring fixedly at the storm.

What regrets were hers—what pleasing fancies slain, who shall say, when a sudden commotion in the rear of the house announced the return of the storm-drenched bathers and the end of their interview.

"Whew!" said a merry voice. "I don't want that experience again. Washed with rain water, lashed with salt, and the tempest booming great guns! Friends of Wilbur's sheltering? Glad they did! Wish I'd had their chance!"

Coincident mockery of words! Chance? Experience? Dering grasped their reckless application to his hopeless adoration, not unwittingly as he grasped his sudden avalanche of wisdom, but with a smile that melted down the last flimsy barrier between the joyous period of youth and that sadder lot of manhood. And out under the rapidly clearing skies he left her with a strained good-bye, ostensibly to watch the last of the storm break away along the shore.

IN JOY.

MY days pass on—a shadowy train
Of fleeting shapes.

I grasp in vain;

I hold them not—they will not stay—

But one by one,

Glide swift away.

Oh! days of Love! Oh! days of joy!

Your happiness

Hath one alloy—

So swift your flight, I cannot see

How full the bliss

You offer me.

IN PAIN.

THE slow hand crawls around the face
Of yonder clock—

A weary pace.

My heart grows faint and fainter yet,

With dread of what

I would forget.

Oh! days of pain! Oh! days of grief!

Dragging along

Without relief—

When will your burdened hours depart

And leave me with

A lightened heart.

ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

IN BLUE AND SCARLET.

BY PATTIE PEMBERTON BERMANN.

V.

ARE musicians more susceptible to poetry, sentiment, rhythm, imagination, I wonder, than mortals whose lives are passed amid prosaic surroundings?

A physician—a green-room *habitué*—once surprised me by setting his professional experience in opposition to my assertion that since all men are constructed by the same hand, of the same material, it follows that all must experience the same physical sensations of pain or pleasure.

"You are talking, I suppose, of the savage state," said the medical man, "but with us, civilization and refinement play their part in the development of bodily as well as mental sensibilities. Do you suppose a slight wound would cause a stone-cutter, let us say, suffering as acute as yours under similar circumstances? Not only are your nerves infinitely more sensitive but the delicate texture of your skin compared with the tough and hardened cuticle of the stone-cutter is as satin to leather—which alone ought to make my argument convincing."

As this discussion was freely larded with compliments, however, I do not know how much real value attached to it. What I meant to say in the beginning is that I believe the musical nature to include intense enjoyment of all that appeals to the eye as well as to the ear; that those gifted with keen perception of beautiful sounds are better able to grasp beautiful ideas, and finally, that the emotional in them is abnormally developed.

To-day, in trying to find occupation, I took from my single book-shelf a little volume bound in blue and gold, the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. On the fly-leaf is written:

"Edouardo to Maria
"January —"

Except a tiny silver chain which I always wear around my throat, it is the sole memento I have. Just a year ago

he gave it to me as a tribute to the progress I had made in English. It opened of itself to a page marked by a violet, dried by time but still retaining enough fragrance to awaken memories so vivid that I could almost feel his breath upon my hair as I felt it when we sat, our heads bent over the book, devouring these sonnets from the Portuguese, in the days that seem lost to me forever.

"Why would she bid him go?" I
I had asked Edouardo of the lines that I find pencil marked:

"The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double; what I do
And what I dream, include thee as the wine
Must taste of its own grape, and when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine
And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

They say women are capable of such sacrifices. I am glad that this one yielded at last to her love, married and was happy here in our own Italy. A few short hours of life with the man who so inspired her were better worth living than a century of self-abnegation with a hungry heart.

I am still troubled by Edouardo's abrupt departure and continued absence. Perhaps I was too elated by my half-victory, too confident; perhaps if I had questioned him more closely in those first moments I might have detected a change, but I could not bear to confess a jealousy apparently so groundless. Then, too, I felt ashamed that Monsignor should have the power to make a fool of me by a few well-directed hints, for one has some pride when in the presence of the man whose admiration is the aim and end of one's existence. Yet so inconsistent are we that if I might be with him now, I could entreat for his return, could grovel at his feet even though I knew he would spurn me. I have walked daily in the vicinity of his apartments in the vague hope of an encounter, and yesterday I stooped so far as to ask the Chef

d' Orchestra if he had seen him. The gentleman replied with such significant shrugs and grimaces that I had much ado not to try the edge of my stiletto on him.

The Cardinal prophesied that I should hunt up a stiletto as this affair progressed. He was right. I have bought one.

If the worst comes, it is long enough to reach my heart.

But first I must try other means to end it.

I have written a temperate letter, as free from complaint as I could make it, merely requesting an explanation; should this fail to break the hitherto impenetrable silence, I shall go to the girl herself and tell her all. If she has a woman's heart, she will yield him up to me—and he will come. I *know* that he will come. It is impossible that a thing so cool and colorless should long displace a passion like mine. I do not believe that men prefer to waste their time in vain attempts to infuse blood into a statue, as Monsignor declares.

I'll *not* believe him!

Yet there is some inexplicable mutual attraction which draws us, the Cardinal and me, each to the other. However I may chafe against it his influence is stronger than my will; though he professes contempt for women in general and for me in particular, he grows more and more dependent on my companionship. Possibly increasing weakness reconciles him to certain little additions to his comfort which I have made; at any rate, he accepts them graciously. In short, hide it as he may, he is susceptible to kindness.

I bribed Madre Lucia some time ago to keep a small fire in his rooms and to move up to his apartment floor, where she might be on hand in case he required her during the night, but I discovered, upon investigation, that the old crone dozed away the hours at her own chimney corner, and has allowed the Cardinal to pay for the fire, while in addition she has pocketed my earnings without compunction. Monsignor found this so entertaining when I told him that he gave her an extra franc and said it

served me right for undertaking to manage his finances.

He enjoys the fire; he says it makes him sleep.

Poor Monsignor! It is so unnatural to him to be anything but wide awake, alert, that he must account for the difference even to himself,

That he is failing fast is evident. In the first place, there is the drowsiness. The cough if less frequent, is more alarming from the violence of the paroxysms, and often, as he sits gazing into the fire, while I read to him, his face is startling in its emaciation. Illness has softened the austere expression, the professional expression (if one may say so without disrespect) of his otherwise handsome features into something of the beauty of that miniature.

His tongue, caustic as ever on occasion, runs at other times with the garrulity of a child. He never wearies of repeating my mother's escapades, and as each time he tells the story with additions, I find it more entertaining than one would imagine possible. By degrees, he will string upon this single thread the history of his race. Already I have learned that they are people whose strength in one direction is counterbalanced by weakness in another. Monsignor's father, it seems, while possessed of an iron will, could never withstand a passion for the gaming table, where he lost his own small patrimony, and made such strides toward ruining another that only by the intervention of an apoplexy, to use the Cardinal's own words, was the second fortune saved. Monsignor counts his little romance with my mother his own special weakness, since but for her he might have secured to himself the possession of a very beautiful young widow, his cousin Bianca.

This cousin, it appears, was also afflicted with the family peculiarity of strength and weakness hand-in-hand. Monsignor says that notwithstanding the tenderest devotion to her husband's memory, and an equal affection for her child, she fell an easy victim to—but there I am left to draw my own conclusions. Whether she sacrificed her

child to some less worthy love, or forsook the babe to enter a convent, or spoiled her charming face by over-indulgence in the wine-cup I cannot make out. I shall learn in time, but I confess the mystery about my mother's rival makes her interesting. If one put two and two together, she is doubtless the invalid with whom the Cardinal's jealous sweetheart eloped, also her fortune was jeopardized by Monsignor's papa—a wheel within a wheel.

Wheels within wheels! While I have been trying to divert my thoughts from my own affairs by puzzling over those of Signora Bianca, my brain has kept with clock-like precision a regular beat, beat, throb, throb, and this is the chime it rings:

"What I dream—what I do,
What I do—what I dream,"

on and on. Now and then I try to repeat the whole sonnet, then merely to finish those two lines,

"What I do
And what I dream, include thee as the wine
Must taste of its own grape,"

but it is useless; before I have completed a sentence it begins again,

"What I do—what I dream,
What I dream—what I do,"

until I grow nervous and fanciful.

I will go into the fresh air and cool my aching head. Perhaps on my return I may find a letter which will restore me to a more healthful state of mind. Meanwhile I can accompany Monsignor in his "wheel walk" through the Corso and so ply him with questions about the fair Cousin Bianca that he shall not find opportunity to slip in a single bitter speech on the failure of my scheme, as he is pleased to call it, nor to fall out of humor and threaten me once more with removal from La Scala, where my new contract, a contract as flattering as it is remunerative, will be signed to-morrow.

VI.

It was a day to be remembered.

The sauntering crowds everywhere thronging thoroughfares and byways were

as lazy as the breeze which barely quivered among the branches of the trees. Myriads of happy birds hopping from twig to twig, now warbled a few notes of plaintive longing, and made the air reverberate with bursts of melody, glorious thanksgiving chorals for approaching spring.

The sky showed one unbroken stretch of blue, save where a single feathery cloud floated toward the horizon like a great silver gull skimming an azure sea, to fade at last into a limitless beyond.

The soft warm air, trees, birds, and sky, each betokened the coming of the season when nature awakens to fullest consciousness the slumbering vitality of sensate things, moving the songster of the wood to seek a mate from all the feathered tribe and woo her with ravishing trills; unfolding to the sun's insistent kiss the crimson petals of the blushing rose, touching the stately lily till she rears her head to welcome the pollen-laden bee, her messenger of love, who for his gifts receives a honey store which he in turn must offer to his queen.

Such is the story, old yet ever new, repeated year by year, yet never wearying.

If I might be the lily or the rose!

If with the first breath of effulgent spring, my love would seek me as the bee the flower!

"You have thumped the pillows often enough, Maria," cried the Cardinal from the doorstep where he stood waiting for me to arrange his chair. "That last was a particularly vicious punch, intended, I am sure, for something less soft than my cushions. Am I not right? Come now, where were your thoughts wandering?"

"To the birds, the flowers, the skies, Signor," I answered, helping him to his seat and wrapping the lap robe about his knees.

"So far? To the very heavens? And did you find Edouardo there, awaiting you, and was there a certain poor little heretic goat bleating at the gate, or did you drive mercilessly to the left?"

"I did not seek to penetrate beyond the blue, Monsignor, which is to-day beautiful enough to content one with life this side of Paradise, is it not?"

"You are wiser than I thought, Maria.

When you are love-lorn I dare say you think it hardly worth living. Because you cannot attain something which to your silly fancy seems the sum and substance of existence, like the true actress that you are—you would lay it down in tragic style; yet in your sober senses you know that it is beautiful, more beautiful as it recedes from you. Preach as we may, think as we ought that this world is only a preparation for another and a better, suffer as we may and must, you from blighted affection, I from bronchitis, Madre Lucia from rheumatism, the beggar across the way from poverty, and so on *ad infinitum*, not one of us would willingly exchange our wretched present for a future the most desirable. It is instinct, child, instinct."

"For myself," he continued after a pause, "I come of a short-lived race and shall be no exception to the rule which cuts us off one by one in our prime, leaving behind us work undone or only half completed, opportunities neglected, ambitions wasted, fortunes squandered. We die as we have lived, the victims of our own weaknesses. As yet, no member of the Cavari family has made his mark in Church or State. One, at least, had almost covered it with disgrace."

I waited silently for some new chapter in the interesting chronicle of Signora Bianca; for I thought, woman like, that "disgrace" and beauty were in this case, as in so many thousand others, synonymous.

"Forgery," muttered the Cardinal, "and lies. And then to die unshriven! Why did he not let me go in search of that cold, bleak hole of a country instead of pretending to make the journey himself? And what a fool I was, I, a lawyer, to accept a death certificate without question when I knew what he had to gain by it. So greedily do we seize upon any salve for conscience. As for Bianca—was I talking aloud, Maria?"

"Very softly, Monsignor."

"What have I said?"

"I could not make anything of it except that some one had deceived you."

"Deceived? Yes, and placed me in a false position; laid upon my shoulders

a burden that grows too heavy for me. Maria, I am going to Rome. Let me see, this is Tuesday? I shall leave Milan day after to-morrow."

I did not feel called upon to oppose this startling proposition, partly because I have an almost superstitious belief in his ability to carry out any plan, however hazardous, partly for fear of disturbing the peace and harmony of the present hour.

"I must return to Rome," he repeated, "and I must take with me the paper I charged you to secure for me."

"You know I have had no possible means of obtaining it, Monsignor. I cannot act the part of a burglar, break into the house and steal it, can I?"

"There is no occasion for a house-breaker's tools in this case, since you can enter freely at any time," he said with some asperity.

"I do not understand."

"I will be more explicit. Go to Edouardo's apartment—"

"Monsignor, you yourself charged me never to do so."

"Circumstances have made it necessary, therefore, we will close the argument on that point."

"But, Signor Cardinal—"

He waved his head impatiently.

"You will go to Edouardo Carmichael, and discover where he keeps that paper."

"Why not ask him for it yourself? You have been kind, generous when he needed friends—why hesitate at such a trifle? He cannot impute the request to any cause other than interest in him and his affairs."

"You are a diplomat," he said, his lips curling. "You want my assurance that your recalcitrant lover is safe in my hands—do you not? Very well, you shall have it. I am actuated by the purest motives in securing to this boy eternal honor and praise. I have pledged myself to the Church to continue through him the benefactions which it has been my fortune to dispense for fifteen years. Possession of this paper will strengthen my position, that is all. You are serving yourself as well as me in obtaining it."

Remember, however, that you bind yourself to deliver it into my hands unread. Betrayal of your trust means punishment; I would not let you off for a second offense so easily."

"I accept your assurance, Monsignor, that you have Edouardo's good at heart, though how I am to carry out your wishes I do not know, unless we can hit upon some plan before we part."

"No," he said, "I leave plan and execution to you, putting you on your mettle as a very clever woman."

"You are jesting," I cried, flushing with pleasure.

"Not a bit of it; on the contrary, I was never more in earnest, and while we are on the subject let me say that I look forward to the day when you will outwit Florini, and be able to criticise her performance from the box of a princeling admirer, or heap flowers upon her rival with royal munificence. She will grow thin with envy," he laughed.

"I shall be satisfied if I can distance her in my new *rôle* of Carmen."

"A foregone conclusion, although you are an inferior artiste vocally. To the eye, however, you present a most attractive picture. You will be handsomer than your mother a few years hence."

"Coming from you, Monsignor, I value that more than the applause I hope to receive when I make my bow before the footlights as prima donna of the evening."

He leaned back, indolently surveying me from head to foot.

"The sardonic Cardinal Cavari bandies compliments with the lady who recently desires his removal to another world," he said, addressing the trees and sky in his blandest tone.

Whatever had troubled him in the early part of our excursion seemed to have passed away.

He had apparently left off his clerical character with his Cardinal's hat and adopted something of the ease and freedom of the soft felt, which, drawn well over his temples, concealed the ravages of disease and gave him the aspect of an aristocratic (Monsignor is unmistakably that) valetudinarian out for a holiday.

The very brown-legged, rosy beggar children we met, divining that the gentleman who sometimes frightened them away was in good humor this afternoon, thrust their dirty little hands out boldly for centizimos, and even Francisco, the attendant, wheeled the chair in a less nervous, jerky fashion than usual, thereby escaping his almost daily scolding.

This attendant regards the Cardinal with awe, feeling that a frown from one so high in authority is equivalent to a malediction from an ordinary priest.

If Monsignor's cough is prolonged beyond the hacking irritator which he has learned to expect, Francisco crosses himself and says a Pater Noster, in his zeal sometimes bungling over an inequality in the pavement, which, by increasing the cough, so overwhelms him with contrition that he is impelled to apologize for his prayer before the amen has died on his lips, only to follow it an instant later with another.

A sudden chill which crept into the evening air reminded me that the Cardinal was remaining out-of-doors after his usual hour and longer than was quite prudent. I gave the order to turn down the next street, drew the robes closer about him, and removing a filmy silk muffler from the breast of my coat where it served a purely ornamental purpose, I tied it loosely around his throat.

Perhaps a shade of anxiety in the way I performed these small offices suggested to Francisco also that it was late for our invalid and incited him to maintain through the next block a speed neither necessary nor agreeable while it lasted and most disastrous in its results.

In turning abruptly the corner of a narrow street we dashed pell-mell into the American and Signora Carmichael who, coming from the opposite direction, engrossed in conversation, were unconscious of our rapid approach. So great was the impetus on both sides that we barely escaped being precipitated, chair and all, into the gutter. The wheels, grazing the American, brought him to an abrupt halt within six inches of me, while Signora Carmichael, on the inner side of the pavement, inextricably pinned

against a high wall, brushed the Cardinal's elbow in her effort to free herself from her embarrassing position.

Knowing well that Monsignor was inwardly execrating the author of our difficulties, I could not restrain a smile, when, unaware of their nationalities, with the instinct of a gentleman, he commenced to offer an apology in his courtliest manner.

Scarcely was the first word uttered when he met the lady's eye and started. On his cheek burned a sharply defined crimson spot, precursor of an approaching storm; the hand raised to pull the hat further over his face trembled, and he muttered something inaudible to me.

Signora Carmichael, pale and faint, quivered like a leaf from head to foot.

"It is one of the villains at the inn," she gasped.

The American hastening to her side placed her hand in his arm, supporting her as they moved slowly away, she drooping and apparently too much overcome to walk without assistance.

As for the Cardinal, his agitation culminated in a paroxysm which for severity and duration exceeded anything I ever witnessed. The cough drops which I had always carried in anticipation of an emergency now failed utterly to afford relief, while poor Monsignor, annoyed by the sympathetic exclamations of the crowd of curious idlers who at once congregated near us, yet too exhausted to remonstrate, battled bravely with his enemy.

One of the bystanders offered to bring a physician, another a carriage; scarcely knowing what I did, I accepted both suggestions and stood silently mingling my Aves with the attendant's noisy appeal to the Saints.

At last the paroxysm began to subside and we were able, with the assistance of more than one pair of willing hands, to transfer the Cardinal from his chair to the carriage which arrived in advance of the doctor. After seeing that he was thoroughly wrapped in blankets I took my seat beside him, gave the coachman our address, and we were driven rapidly away.

Monsignor's head sank upon my shoul-

der and rested there until we reached his apartment; twice I wiped from his face the icy sweat that literally streamed from his brow, and once through sheer pity I raised his ghastly hand to my lips and kissed it.

Poor Monsignor! he does not want to die. Two hours ago he spoke of returning to Rome—and now!

When he returns to Rome, the streets swarming with life, will mean nothing to him. The State apartments will be open to receive the senseless body that never voluntarily entered them. The dignitaries who smiled at his jests and stammered their fulsome compliments need struggle no more to keep pace with a wit the like of which was never known in the holy city.

Oh! how are the mighty fallen!

Here lies this diplomat, the Pope's legate, this dispenser of alms, in two strange rooms in a strange city—alone.

The head that earned by its own brain a scarlet hat of honor has no pillow now but the breast of an unknown actress—his *protégé*.

What folly! If I should telegraph this moment to our holy Father, the Pope, everything would be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

But Monsignor shall have his way; no prying eyes shall mark the decline of his powers; no gossiping tongues bruit it abroad that the great Cardinal is no more than a helpless child. I shall watch by his bedside whenever the *Impressario* can spare me and Padre Antonio must share my task; together we can care for him.

"Here we are at your door, Monsignor," I cried cheerfully. "How do you feel—better?"

"Better, Maria mia, only weak; very weak."

"Of course," said I, preceding the coachman up the stairs and ushering them into the apartment; "of course—that is natural; but when I have made you a fine milk punch (don't protest, you are my patient for an hour) and stirred the fire which that incorrigible Madre Lucia neglects shamefully, you will be a new man."

He smiled at me from the lounge where I had already ensconced him.

"I am afraid I'd rather be my old self, Maria."

"Then I would not venture to rummage through the closet in search of your brandy flask. Ah! here it is, and the old skinflint down-stairs has actually left you nearly all the milk I ordered. Now, Monsignor, is it not a fine punch as I promised?"

He drank it obediently, and then turned his face to the wall.

Surely I did not hear a sob! Not from Monsignor the Cardinal Cavari!

When I had done what I could for his present comfort I leaned over him to see if he slept. His eyes were open, though he looked almost like one in a dream.

"I am obliged to leave you now," I said, stroking his hand gently, "but on my way to La Scala I shall send Padre Antonio. I will see you to-morrow; then, perhaps we can try another walk in a quieter street. Good-night, Monsignor."

"Good-night, my daughter. Say to Fra Antonio that I will make my confession—will you? Good-night."

If I had hoped against hope to find on my return a letter from Edouardo, if I had trusted to some unforeseen circumstance to break this dull silence worse than the angriest outcry, I was doomed once more to disappointment.

"Are you certain?" I said in answer to the janitor's assurance, that no note, no message had been left during my absence. The words were a mere mechanical utterance without meaning, for my brain was without sensation, except the wearied consciousness that for me henceforth was a long waiting, a vain watching—for which there was no remedy save death.

Well, death is not far to seek—here is the stiletto ready at my hand.

No; I am young and fair! I'll go to him and tell him not of myself but of the Cardinal. I'll ask him to go with me to visit Monsignor, to watch beside his bed with me, and then, as once before, I will win him back with every charm I have.

No! I must appeal to this girl, this Jean whom I abhor. It is to her that I must bend and cringe and sue for favor! By all the saints, I shall be far gone before I stoop to that!

The stiletto! It would be no worse stained with her blood than with mine; the white blood of a salamander would dye it less, a heretic—

And what should I gain thereby? What should I lose? Perhaps nothing either way; perhaps everything—I cannot tell.

I must be gone. If the Impressario will accept a plea of fatigue, if he will grant me permission to absent myself at the third act of the opera, I can reach Edouardo's apartment before they have retired, for I suppose these rustics hardly regulate their sleeping and waking as the birds do by sunset and sunrise.

Better leave this toy at home. If I were tempted beyond my strength it might prove dangerous to hold its pretty handle so firmly.

VII.

FATIGUED by the long walk after my afternoon's adventures, uncertain of the effect my visit would produce, I stopped before Edouardo's lodgings with the sensations of a culprit rather than an avenger.

"Signor Carmichael was not at home," the *concierge* said, neither were the foreign ladies; possibly they had gone to the opera, there was no telling. They went out a great deal nowadays. Did I know the Signorina? She was blonde; did I not admire blondes? so different from the olive complexions we are accustomed to, so soft and smooth like the wax Santa Cecilia with the blue veil and spangles at the chapel.

The Signorina had looked as demure as a saint at first, but seeing the world had improved her wonderfully, made her gayer and prettier, and both the young signori were at her feet from morning to night. They could not show her attention enough. It was a pleasure to witness such happiness. As for Signor Carmichael, he really would die of loneliness when they went away, unless, in-

deed, he went with them on their journey, as they wished him to do. Were they going soon? Yes, immediately. They had already spent a month in Milan and the Signora had a husband to think of as well as a son who wasn't a real flesh and blood son, though you wouldn't suspect the difference. What a pity they were Protestants! But marriage would soon mend that, of course. Everybody knows that converts make the most devout Catholics, who train their children to attend strictly to their duties and often give generously to the Church beside.

The Signorina was evidently rich. She had plenty of money for both without having to trust to a poor artist for support.

The stream of gossip was stemmed at last by an outcry somewhere in the background which called the woman away, and I, left standing alone in the wide hall, now exaggerating the significance of her words, now trying to close my ears against them became once more prey to a jealousy fiercer than any the Cardinal had yet aroused. Cost what it might, I must learn the truth from Edouardo's own lips and quickly—but how? Face the enemy in a body and be routed? Make a scene before this collected Scottish girl whose calmness would only serve to incite me to insane fury? Proclaim traitor in her presence the man I adore, or lie in ambush till I could surrender to him alone?

There was no time for hesitation. In a moment the *conciierge* would return and I must either go or stay and meet her Santa Cecilia with an ugly welcome.

Softly, with cat-like tread, I stole up the long marble stairs which echoed every cautious step spite of my pains, paused at the first door above and tried the handle. It refused to turn.

"The woman's room," thought I, retreating.

The second attempt was successful. Edouardo's door was unlocked. It opened and closed noiselessly, and I stood within the sacred precincts of my Mecca, the Holy City toward which my eyes are ever lifted, for he whose shrine

it is must ever be the god of my idolatry.

A flood of moonlight streaming through the casement converted common objects into things of beauty and to my fancy cast a halo about the beloved violin that lay upon a couch as if carelessly placed there in the hurry of departure. But I must make the most of the precious seconds and not yield to the temptation to touch its mellow sounding board where his fingers dwelt so often and lovingly.

The window opened on a small balcony where under shadow of the heavy curtains it was possible to escape observation and, at the same time, obtain a view of all that went on within. There I concealed myself, leaving the glass doors ajar as I found them, and with aching limbs and bounding pulses waited, straining my ears to catch the clang of the bell which should announce the arrival of the Carmichaels. At last it came; a rattling of chains, a heavy bolt slipped back, followed by the clatter of swift footsteps climbing the stairs and merry, laughing voices on the threshold.

"Will you come in, Dr. Willis?"

"Thank you, not to-night, Miss Carmichael. I mean to smoke Carmichael out for half an hour before I go to roost, if he doesn't object."

"Then as the mither is rather tired, we will bid you good-bye till to-morrow."

"She has had a trying day, but a long sleep will set her right. Good-night."

Of course it was the American, and of course he meant to keep me here till dawn! There was no other exit, even if I had wished to escape, so turning up the collar of my coat to protect my throat, I rested as best I could against the railing, and with a slightly hysterical sigh, prepared to feast or famish on things not intended for me. At least, I could be thankful that I was not forced to play eavesdropper to my rival!

"I wonder if it's too early for spring fever?" said the American, dropping into a chair, and stretching his long legs before him in a not ungraceful fashion, "or if I am only becoming thoroughly acclimated? Seems to me, in another fortnight I should be ready to join the

ranks of the tazzaroni, and make a living by basking in the sun and trusting to luck for a franc. It's high time I was moving into a more invigorating atmosphere, where I can hang out my shingle even if I have to wait indefinitely for a patient. I suppose it is slow work getting under way in any profession."

"I suppose so. I know it is up-hill work for us artists unless we are fortunate in finding an influential patron, or in making an accidental hit," said Edouardo, resting the violin affectionately on his knee, while his fingers wandered into the Sylvia pizzicato.

"Speaking of patrons, Carmichael, what sort of fellow is that Cardinal, to whom you consider yourself indebted? I don't want to hurt your feelings, but he looks like a Jesuitical—"

"And if he belonged to the order of St. Ignatius Loyola? which, however, he cannot, being a Cardinal, what then?"

The American drew his legs up suddenly, sat erect and gave a low whistle.

"What then?" repeated Edouardo, more enthusiastically than I had ever heard him speak. "Not only is the Cardinal Cavari my warm, personal friend, but his position in the Church should command respect from you and me, under any circumstances."

The American lolled back in his chair again.

"Do *they* know?" he asked, pointing with his thumb to the opposite room.

"Know what?"

"That you have gone over to Rome?"

"How do *you* know it?"

"I have suspected as much all along. So did that Scotch gentleman and splendid man whom you call father."

"He never hinted such a suspicion to me."

"No, by the Lord! he is not one to force a man's confidence."

He left his seat and walked rapidly toward the place where I was standing. I retreated as quickly, pressing close to the wall, three feet from him, expecting every instant to see him step out on the balcony.

"It is as hot as the devil in this

room," he said, throwing the window open,

Edouardo, pacing nervously between the fireplace and the door, replied:

"It struck me as rather cold."

"The difference in our blood, probably. See here, Carmichael, there isn't much in common between us and I'm not fond of interfering, but I love the two women in there, and I want you to tell them the truth. Things like this don't improve by keeping. I couldn't face them and hold my tongue. I couldn't be decently civil to you in their presence knowing their faith misplaced."

"One would think it a crime to believe in the holy Catholic Church. Why should a man be ashamed of his convictions? Why disavow the religion of his country and his forefathers?"

"I am counseling you *not* to be ashamed—*not* to disavow."

"I fail to acknowledge your right to counsel at all. Excuse me, but it is no concern of yours, one way or another."

"I told you just now that I loved the two women in there. I love one of them enough to want her to be my wife. For love of her I have lingered in Milan all these weeks, following her footsteps like a dog, content if she threw me now and then a bone. I have asked nothing—I know she is not yet ready to give—but I can wait her own good time. If it is possible by long and faithful service to win her, I mean to do it—but I can wait. I want her to see us both as we are, and to choose that which seems for her own ultimate happiness. I shall not press for a decision. She knows how much hangs upon her answer, and with her woman's tact puts aside the question always ready to fall from my tongue. And I dare not ask it against her will. Whether you have received greater encouragement is your affair. It will not influence me, for until I hear from her own sweet lips that she means to marry you, I shall never give her up—no, not even then; not till she stands at the altar, will I cease to hope and to strive for her."

"It is a fair race, then, with an even start," Edouardo said, unconcernedly.

Was this the man for whom my soul thirsted? "An even start!"—as if I had never existed!

Suppose I should enter and confront him, tell my story to this American, who could understand a passion as fervid as his own, would he deny all knowledge of me?

Coward! Coward! Shame on you, heartless that you are!

The American regarded him for a moment as if trying to unravel a mystery.

"Carmichael, go to her. Make a clean breast of it, and take your chances with me."

He extended his hand and grasped Edouardo's.

"I will tell her before they leave—does that satisfy you?"

"It must perforce," answered the American, turning on his heel.

For a short space the silence was almost painful. Dr. Willis, standing in one of his picturesque attitudes, rested an arm on a corner of the mantel-piece, holding lightly between the fingers of his drooping hand a cigar from which he occasionally drew long puffs, tossing back his head to send the smoke curling toward the ceiling or blowing it straight ahead in cloudy rings. The plainness of his earnest face was more than balanced by a grace as uncommon as it was unstudied. Why could not Jean see and hear him now when he was at his best, which a man never is in the presence of his sweetheart.

"Let us return to our starting point," he said at last, reluctantly. "Let us go back to Cardinal Cavari."

"Why talk any more about it? You cannot understand my relations with him."

"Perhaps it is you who do not clearly comprehend those relations. At any rate I promised Mrs. Carmichael this afternoon to speak with you on a subject which has caused her a deal of anxiety—the tracing of your relatives here in Italy. She is convinced not only that this Cardinal knew your mother, but that he was, or is, closely connected with her."

"It is possible that he knows of her;

in fact, he undertook two years ago to institute search for her, and from time to time has thought that he had discovered a clue, but so far it has come to nothing."

"I assure you, Carmichael, it will continue as barren of results as it is at present. Cardinal Cavari's search is a sham. He has not your interest, but his own, at heart."

"Nonsense!" said Edouardo, still picking carelessly at the violin strings.

"Shall I prove to you that he is false?"

"You cannot."

"I can and I will. You have, of course, the jewels, which, with the exception of a paper mentioned by Mrs. Carmichael are your only means of establishing your mother's identity?"

"All these, except the writing, are in Monsignor Cavari's possession."

"Then get them out of it as soon as possible."

I had an instinctive feeling that had their positions been reversed the American would have answered the insinuation with a blow. Edouardo's tone had a ring of suppressed anger in it, but he remained where he sat, merely saying,

"I presume you do not mean to be officious, Dr. Willis, but I must remind you that you are insulting my friend, a priest, in my own house."

"I beg your pardon," cried the other, impulsively. "In my zeal for you and yours I forgot to be courteous. Though I cannot share it I ought to have respected your feeling for the man."

"I repeat that you would find it hard to convince me that he was actuated by any but the purest motives."

The Cardinal's own words to which I also gave credence. Monsignor is often cold, bitter, unyielding but he is fair and honest I think. Why of course he *must* be, how could a priest be otherwise?

I liked Edouardo's loyalty too. He had expressed it frankly, decidedly. However weakly he had accepted the American's assumption of a love for Jean Carmichael, he stood by Monsignor like a man, and that went far to restoring my

respect, which had been nearly shattered at the beginning of this interview. The American is so straightforward, so direct, perhaps he throws others into the shade or seems to, momentarily. He had puffed his first cigar to the end before he spoke again.

"As a physician, your mother's history has a peculiar interest for me. It seems extraordinary that a woman capable of such vigorous measures in emergency should exercise no self-control whatever on other occasions. She was very young, too, to succumb so readily. It has somewhat the appearance of hypnotic influence, and probably would be so considered to-day—certainly outside the profession."

"Have you read the paper?"

"No. Mrs. Carmichael was giving me a synopsis of it during our walk this afternoon."

"I have it here if you would like to see it."

He took down from the top shelf of the closet a number of loose sheets of paper yellowed by time and handed them to the American.

"Not a very safe way to keep your manuscript," said the latter, taking a pin from beneath his coat lapel and struggling to fasten the edges together with it.

"Why this is written in Italian! I should be a year trying to grasp the sense of it, if I could master it at all."

"The mither must have the translation," said Edouardo, after turning everything in the closet into confusion—"I'll ask her."

"No, no, don't disturb her now; to-morrow will be time enough for me. It is almost to-morrow now, by the way. I think I'll take a stroll before I turn in. Glad to have you if you care to come."

"That isn't my way to work off steam, Doctor. Here," taking up the violin, "is at once the recipient and the consoler of my griefs, tempers, moods of every sort."

"I can't appreciate it," said the American, shaking his head. "How a man can take delight in drawing a bow over a lot of squeaky strings is beyond

me. Well I'm off. Don't trouble yourself, I know the way pretty well by this time."

Edouardo insisted upon accompanying him to the front door, however, and as their voices grew fainter my knees knocked together with agitation. I could not remain outside, I could not escape, I was afraid to be found in that room. I compromised by changing my hiding place from the window to the closet, trusting that Edouardo would not notice that the door he had left wide open was now closed. Within easy reach of my hand lay the paper on the bureau where the American had thrown it down. I had but to fold and secrete it till I could convey it to the Cardinal in fulfillment of my promise, but the insinuation against Monsignor's disinterestedness, while it did not seriously disturb me, caused a natural hesitation. On the whole, I was inclined to let it remain where it was rather than take the slightest risk.

The patter of slippared feet reached me from the next room, feet hurrying to meet him as mine have often done.

"Wardo."

"Yes, Jeanie." (Oh! the tenderness of his tone.) "You ought to be asleep, little girl."

"The mither wishes to talk with you"

"One moment, dear. I left—but it is perfectly safe there."

He was gone. If he came in now he would not let me approach him, would not hear me. Diavolo! the Cardinal should have the paper! If I were the instrument by which this faithless lover met his just punishment so much the better.

I seized the leaves, thrust them under my coat, and fled. Like one possessed, I flew down those stairs, crashed the bolt aside, and stood on the pavement triumphant, exultant.

On the opposite side of the street a tiny red light gleamed, the burning end of a cigar, and behind it I thought I recognized the American. On I sped, almost at a run through the deserted streets, under the gas-lamps, past night

watchmen who, peering beneath the lace scarf which partly concealed my features and seeing no harm, left me to take my crazy way. Sometimes clutching the sheets folded against my bosom, sometimes longing to fling them from me, I hurried as for my life.

I arrived at my own lodgings panting, exhausted, and paused to recover breath. There, opposite, just as I had seen him looking up at Jean's window, was the American looking at me, the crimson spark still glowing so near his face that I could see the row of perfect teeth behind it.

To my overwrought imagination he had followed me at such a pace because he knew what I carried buttoned in the breast of my coat. I glanced uneasily over my shoulder as I passed through the dimly-lighted vestibule, and not till I had shut myself in my own room did I feel that I was safe from his dogging footsteps.

As for the paper, I hastened to transfer it from my bosom to the furthest corner of a little chest where I kept all articles not in daily use, and there, buried in the folds of some discarded finery, I left it without having so much as glanced at a sentence.

Now that the tension was relaxed, I realized the weariness of body consequent upon the excessive mental excitement of the last twenty-four hours. Rest—rest and sleep were what I longed for.

When I had thrust my feet into slippers and exchanged my close-fitting garments for a soft, flowing *negligé*, I began to remove the pins from my heavy hair preparatory to plaiting it for the night. The face reflected in the mirror was pinched and haggard, the face of a woman of thirty, a ghost of the blooming girl who had stood there admiring

her beauties on the evening of that meeting less than two short weeks ago. Instinctively I turned the lamp lower while I twisted the three brown ropes in and out till I reached the end of a thick braid, tossed it back and left it pendant between my shoulders. Then I threw myself full length on the lounge—I could not go to bed—and covered my eyes with my hands.

The little Swiss clock on the mantel struck one. No more? Had so much been condensed into three hours? The piano stood open; on its rack the ballet music of Sylvia. The pages of the pizzicato, which Edouardo had heedlessly picked on his violin while listening to the American, tempted me, wearied as I was, to dash into its empty prettiness. Bah! I was in no mood for such stuff. My fingers spurning it fell of themselves into slow, stately chords, tender minors passing into half-forgotten strains, a Chopin nocturne never mastered, a bar or two of Schumann, lapsing into new chords. Then, as my unconscious hands strayed into the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata," the heart of the great master spoke to me through his work as never before; spoke of the cruel deafness which was gradually shutting out for him sounds that have since held nations entranced and brought tears to eyes all unused to weeping, harmonies which must presently live only in his poor distracted brain, and die with him for want of another to wield his magic wand.

He, too, loved blindly, worshiped the ungrateful nephew who could leave him in his last hours alone and broken hearted, to die with the name of his beloved Carl on his lips.

The whole pathetic story is told here. Who runs may read Beethoven in his music.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORST OF MISERIES

Is when a nature framed for noblest things
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys.—G. Eliot.

OUR BABY'S OFFICIAL RECORD.

BY J. F. COWAN.

"ISN'T it strange," propounded Nectarina to me one evening, "that so many otherwise fair-minded persons are inclined to be skeptical of the interesting little things you are disposed to confide to them about your baby's cute tricks and knowing ways?"

"Of course it is," I pursued the subject with considerable warmth, "as though a man whose judgment is unquestioned and whose veracity is unimpeached in matters of wheat and corn and horses and cattle, because he is a parent, forsooth, is incapacitated from passing a calm and judicial opinion on what his senses reveal to him of the very subject with which he ought to be most familiar—his own child. 'Tis cruel thus to put the blight of vulgar suspicion upon every tender tribute which appreciative hearts love to pay to the budding genius they see enwrapped in childhood."

I spoke with some feeling and emphasis, the latter being directed chiefly toward the door which had just slammed to, shutting out the latter half of an audible snicker of contempt from Aunt Diggs over a remark of Nectarina's that "baby had clenched one of his little hands with the thumb inclosed within the fingers, and the other with the thumb outside, possibly as a kind of sign language to express some want, if only we could comprehend the precious dear's meaning."

"Meaning!" Aunt Diggs had sniffed.

"Why, yes," Nectarina warmly interposed, "there's nothing so absurd in that fancy, I'm sure. Doesn't the extended thumb mean something or other in the sign language of the savages, Isham?"

Before I could reply, Aunt Diggs snapped out something about "not that kind of savages," and then took herself and her objectionable snicker out of the door.

Nectarina and I both colored to the

roots of our hair. We were sure she was ridiculing our fond parental imaginings of baby's dawning intelligence.

"And," Nectarina rejoined to my outburst before mentioned in connection with the closing of the door, "if the mother of a child, who is ever near it, and, so to speak, in communion with its spirit, and through whose intuitions alone it can interpret the volitions of its mind, if she cannot give to the world a rational and unexaggerated conception of the degree of intelligence it manifests, what light, I pray, can the carpings of spinster critics be expected to throw upon the question?"

Thus reasoned Nectarina and I, as we began to cross the threshold of that period when friends would turn their faces away from us to smile in answer to our urgent questionings if they didn't think baby's eyes had most of that calm, reflective light which marked his papa's, or if his mouth did not wear the same expression of firmness coupled with dignity which characterized his mamma's; and when they justly excited our ire by poo-hooing at our modest insinuation that he distinguished between Doctor's voice and mine the third day after his arrival, or that he smacked his lips to show that he liked the catnip nurse sweetened with lump sugar, while he turned up his eyes and frowned in disgust at that sweetened with brown sugar.

"Of course he wiggles the black stockings off his toes, and lets the pink ones stay on to show us that he likes pink better than black. How stupid, not to say cruel, in that horrid Aunt Diggs to doubt it!"

And I felt like echoing "of course," but then how was I to prove such a proposition to my stubborn aunt? I was equally sure that he had heard the band playing "Hail to the Chief" on the street, and that he had meant to join in the cheering for my candidate, when he

raised his voice; but then Aunt Diggs commenced to "There, there" him before he could express himself, even if he had wanted to.

"He'll wait a month before he hears anything on the street," she said, sentimentally, to my attempt at further experiment with him to ascertain if I were right. How was I to convince her that my baby might be as knowing at a day old as some are at a month? I had no doubt in my soul that it was the case. I felt it in my bones, but how to prove it, there was the rub!

"They just shall believe it! I intend to prove it to them," Nectarina at last broke forth from the troubled silence both had maintained.

"Prove what? How, dear?"

"What we tell them about baby. By records. They won't doubt our veracity, I guess. I'll put it down in black and white. Baby shall have an official record, or whatever they call it, so he shall."

And she began to keep her word. From that time she made a motherly little practice of repeating over to me and then jotting down each night all the cunning doings and cute baby ways of the day.

If baby had crowed at her as she came into the room, then that delectable little crow was the first chapter of the evening's entertainment, which went along with my first apple-dumpling and cream. "But what's that?" I demanded, seeing that she held a piece of paper in her hand still, when the narration was done.

For answer, she held out a drawing that looked like the front elevation of a chicken coop, with the chickens in silhouette between the slats.

"That's the official record, dear," she said in a triumphant tone. "I was so afraid that I might be mistaken that I ran right down to the piano and struck the correct key, and then I noted it down on the staff here as you see, and I guess they'll believe it when I get the pitch and sing it from the notes to them, though of course I can't do it anything like as sweet as the blessed baby did."

And so the official record went on in dead earnest. One evening when I came

home, she met me at the door with a triumphant "there!" so significant in emphasis and forceful in gesture that I was convinced Nectarina had evolved some new and startling plan for improving our domicile, by cutting a new door through the walls or building a dormer on the roof,

"Where?" I asked, in innocent ignorance. "When shall the carpenter come?"

"The carpenter! Are you crazy, Isham Theophilus Digby? Don't you see it right there before your eyes in all its fairy grace? Isn't it too dainty and cute for anything? Own that it is, now."

"Of course it is, Nectarina," I hastily assented in the dark, with the object of gaining time to brighten my wits a little and study the geography and logical connections of a cake of beeswax extended in her hand. "Do you mean it was cute in Mr. Cheeseman to make you a present of that when you settled the grocery account, or—why, I understand his generosity; the mice have been nib—"

"Now, Isham, I'm really ashamed of you," broke in Nectarina, with a foolish little sob, "not to recognize the print of the first darling tootsy-wootsy of our precious little—"

That was enough! I sprang forward and seized the wax from her hand. I *did* feel ashamed; but my eagerness to inspect the treasure now made atonement.

"It's just through since dinner," she said, with a bright forgiving smile, "and I was afraid he would be asleep for the night when our friends come to call, and then they would laugh at me for a silly mother and say I only imagined it—he couldn't possibly have a tooth for a month yet. So I let him bite it all around the edge and make it full of delightful dells and crannies, but I had hard work to keep him from swallowing it."

We made due record of the wonderful advent, and stored the wax away in the archives as ocular testimony. Every night we made a record of something Nectarina remembered. I think it was her fear that she would not be able to re-

member accurately that led her, presently, to another resort. On going home at night I found Nectarina with a pencil behind her ear and little slips of paper between her fingers.

"I found these you had trimmed from your pocket pad," she said, "and I thought it would be a good way to save them. Let's see, now; which was first? Oh! yes, the funniest thing! I nearly killed myself laughing to hear him. He said chicken to-day just as plainly, almost, as I could. Here, I've written it down to prove it. It sounded something like 'k-gumph,' and he said it over and over again." And she showed me the record on her slip, with the word spelled as I have it.

"Indeed," I joined in with all the interest a proud father could possibly manifest; "was there more than one chicken in sight? Do you think, dear," I added a little facetiously, "he could have attempted to indicate the number by repeating the word once for each? A new system of enumeration, eh? But, then—"

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, a little soberly, as though my attempt at poking fun at so serious a matter galled her, "he'll have a new system. He'll upset all your old-fogy notions about mathematics when he gets a chance, bless his sweet heart of him! But there, I came near forgetting the rest. I should forget so much if it weren't for this way. And you don't know half how sweet the child is, even when I've written down everything."

It was not long until there were marked and proud additions to this vocabulary.

"I was just rummaging for that slip I put his word for 'doggie' on," Nectarina said, pulling the slips first from between two fingers and then from between another two. "I declare, I'll have to get more fingers to hold them between if he keeps on learning so fast. Oh! yes, here it is; he said 'doggie' just as plainly, when Colonel Streater's big Ned went past the window. It sounded like 'k-gumph,' and then when I chirped at him to encourage him and said, 'bow-wow' he tried to say bow-wow after me. and any one would have known he was

mimicking a dog. It sounded like—here I have written it down;" and I looked where she pointed and saw, "gumph."

And he did keep on learning new words; "cow" and "horse" and "kittie" followed in rapid succession. I don't know whether it could have been the fault of Nectarina's note-taking or not, but I noticed the unvarying orthography in her reports of them. They were all suspiciously like "k-gumph." Sometimes the "k" might be dropped or substituted by "ch," or sometimes the final "h" be absent, but still I could not help calling Nectarina's attention to the similarity. I was afraid some of our friends might comment unfavorably on it and hurt her feelings.

"I know it," she said, with embarrassed hesitancy, "but then you know this is to be an official record, and I was very conscientious about putting them down just as they sounded. Of course I couldn't spell them exactly as the dear pet would if he could only speak."

"Of course not, dear," I assented, "but are you perfectly sure he meant to say 'pig,' and 'cow,' and 'horse'?"

"Why what else could he have said, when he was looking right at them, and spoke them over after me?" Nectarina inquired, in innocent surprise.

And I could only answer "of course," with an air of conviction. What was the use of having an official record of a child's doings, unless you had confidence in it yourself? So I pressed the question no further.

One of the drawbacks of an official record was, that while, of course, there was no going back on it, baby, having once exerted himself to perform the acts that made the record, felt perfectly satisfied with the achievement thereof, and not the least necessity upon him, such as a common baby—I mean with no official record to be proud of—would have felt to occasionally put his best foot forward in company, and repeat some of the cunning things with the relation of which his proud mamma entertained her callers.

He wasn't going to exert himself to trot out his accomplishments, like an ordinary baby that had no official record

to sustain him; and after patty-caking and peek-a-boosing, and even standing alone and taking several steps in private, he absolutely, and with all the persistence and dignity becoming a baby with an official record to back him up, refused to be coaxed or cajoled or bribed into any public crows or patty-cakes or peek-a-boos or brave attempts at pedestrianism or anything else on the programme. He preferred to suck his thumb and hide his face in silence in his mother's apron. I can commend his modest preference, knowing what I do of some of the callers, but then it was none the less embarrassing to his parents, or would have been, but for the official record.

"I know what I'll do," Nectarina exclaimed to me that night, after relating her new discomfiture, "I'll put his walking on record, too."

"How, dear?" I wanted to know, incredulously. "Have patience and he'll soon be walking before the whole town."

"But that won't satisfy any one that he walked alone before he was shortened; and since I set out in it I'm going to make those people ashamed who have been hinting that the Digbys doted so on their baby that they couldn't tell the truth about it. I've hit on the exact plan."

I did not ask her what it was. I knew I should learn, and, somehow, I hadn't very strong faith in it.

Going home an hour or two earlier than usual next day, I stopped short at the sitting-room door, checked by

something strange in the surroundings. The soft, bright carpet was covered with white—muslin, I soon learned. But its whiteness was spotted here and there by bright red spheres as large as a silver half-dollar.

"Well, well," I said, "what sort of a new nursery game is this we have? Are you marking out a star-spangled banner to teach baby colonial history and patriotism?"

"O Isham! I'm so glad you have come! It's working like a charm! see, there are ten of them already!"

"Ten stars?" I ventured. "But oughtn't they to be blue, dear, and—"

"O Isham! you don't understand. They are not stars. They are baby's foot-prints. He's been walking with a marker on his heel. I found one of your old analine rubber stamp pads, and it works splendid. Six inches a step; ten times six—sixty inches he's walked to-day. Twelve goes into sixty five times. Five feet, and he isn't thirteen months old yet, and I've got the official record here to prove it."

And so she had, thirty yards of muslin with ten red disks on it. Who could doubt the feat which the feet of our child had performed in the face of that? There was the brand of the manufacturer on the muslin to demonstrate that it was his make of muslin, and there was Nectarina's trademark to prove those were our boy's steps. Mother's wit, not mother wit, had triumphed. And our baby *had* an official record.

THE SMITHS' STRIKE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

MY lords, my story shall be short. See here; we smiths were out on strike. That was only our right. It was a very hard winter. At last our lot grew tired of being hungry. One Saturday, pay-day, some of them took me by the arm and led me to the "public," and then my mates—no, I have already told you I will not give up their names—they said to me, "Daddy John, we are half afraid. Now, our wages must be raised,

or we will have more work. They grind us down; and this is the only thing to be done. So we have chosen you as spokesman to go and tell the governor quietly that if he do not raise our miserable wages, after to-morrow every day will be Saint Monday. Daddy John are you the man for us?"

I said, "All right if I can be of use to you."

My lords, I never piled up barricades;

I am all for peace, and I have no great faith in the men with good coats who make fiery speeches. Still, I could not refuse them. I consented to the task they laid upon me, and I went to the governor's house. When I got there he was at dinner, but I was shown in. I told him our troubles, and all that would come of them—dear bread and high rents. I explained to him that we could not go on like that; I added up his profits and ours, and I finished by telling him quite politely that he might raise our pay without ruining himself.

He listened quietly, and went on cracking his nuts. At length he said to me, "You, Father John, you are an honest man, and those who sent you here knew very well what they were about. There will always be work for you at my forge. But you must understand that what is demanded would just put an end to me; and that I shall close the workshop to-morrow; and that those who make disturbances are always the lazy ones. That is my last word, and so you may tell them."

I replied, "Very well, sir." I went away with a heavy heart, and took his answer to my mates as I had promised. Thereupon they were all up in arms; they made speeches, they swore never to set foot again in the workshop; and, hang it all! I swore the same as the others.

Ah, more than one of them that same evening when he went home and threw down his money on the table, did not feel very joyful, I'll answer for it, and did not sleep all night for thinking how long it might be before there was any more money, and how they were going to get on without food. It was hard lines for me, for I am not young, and I am not alone. When I went in I took my two grandchildren on my knees (my son-in-law turned out badly, and my daughter died in child-birth); I looked at them sadly, two little mouths which would soon know what hunger is; and I was ashamed of myself for having sworn to sit still and do nothing. But I was no worse off than others, and people like us, if we swear an oath we keep it,

and I was determined to do as I had sworn.

Just then my wife came in from the wash-house, stooping under a bundle of wet linen, and I told her the whole business, though I dreaded to see how she would take it. Poor thing, she was too down-hearted to be angry; she stood there, staring at the bare boards, quite still for ever so long, and then she answered me—"Old man, you know that I'm a good manager. I'll do my best; but times are bad, and we have only bread enough for a fortnight."

I said to her, "We shall manage somehow." But I knew well enough unless I were a turncoat I could do nothing; and that the grumblers who wanted to keep up the strike would watch us all and come down sharp on deserters.

Then came utter misery. Oh! my lords, my lords, you know for a fact that even in the depths of trouble I never was a thief. Even to think of such a thing is deadly shame. And I do not want to make out any merit in honesty, even for a starving wretch who has nothing to do from morning to night but to sit face to face with despair. Well, in the bitterest time of the frost and snow, I and my old friend Honesty looked at those three living reproaches crouching by the empty grate; and I heard the sobbing of the children, and I saw the weeping of the woman, and seeing them frozen into stone—not even then—by this crucifix I swear to you—not even then did my maddened brain give a hint that I might do what is done every day in our streets; done with quaking heart and watchful eye and sudden clutching hand. My lords, if my pride has been taken down, and if it seems to you that I can't hold up my head, or keep the tears out of my eyes, it is because I see them again—those three of whom I have been speaking—those for whom I did—what I have done.

At first no great harm came to us; we all ate dry bread, and pawned everything. I suffered a good deal. To people like us a room is a cage; we do not like staying in-doors. Since then I have tried what a prison is like, and I don't find

much difference. And then doing nothing is very tiresome. You would hardly believe it, unless you know what it is to be obliged to sit twirling your thumbs; that would show you how one loves the workshop, and the atmosphere of fire and filings.

At the end of a fortnight we had not a penny. During that time I had walked about like a madman; all alone, straight ahead, all through the crowd. For the noise of a town soothes and satisfies you, and makes you forget your hunger better than drink. But one day, late on a cold, dull December afternoon, when I came in I saw my wife sitting in a corner of the room with the two young 'uns huddled close to her, and I thought to myself, "I am murdering them."

The old woman said to me, "Deary me, John, the pawnshop won't take that last old mattress; it is too bad for anything. And now, how will you get food?"

"I am going for it this minute," I answered; and plucking up my courage, I made up my mind to go back to work; and, though I knew they would turn me out, I went first to the "public" where the leaders of the strike held their meetings.

When I went in, upon my word, I thought I was dreaming. They were drinking there!—while others were starving, they were drinking! Oh! I should like my curses to be heard by those who paid for their wine, and kept up our martyrdom! May they hear the curse of an old man! As I went toward the drinkers, and they saw my red eyes and frowning forehead, they had an inkling of what I had come for; and in spite of their black looks and cool reception, I spoke to them.

"I have come to tell you this: I am over sixty, and so is my wife—I have to support my two grandsons. In our garret all the furniture is sold, and we have no food. For an old chap like me a bed in the workhouse and a parish funeral is good enough, I dare say, but I should like something different for my wife and the kids. So I want to go back to the shop, myself alone. I must first have

your permission, so that no stories may be told about me. See here. I have white hair and black hands, and I have been a smith for forty years. Let me go back to the governor. I have tried to beg, but I could not. I think my age is against me. You can't turn beggar when your face is wrinkled with hard work, and the gentlefolks see your strong, horny hand. But to you I hold out both hands. It seems the right thing for the oldest to be the first to give in. Let me go back alone to work. That's all. Now tell me if you agree to that."

One of them came three paces nearer, and said, "Coward!"

Then my heart grew cold, and my eyes seemed filled with blood. I looked at him who had said it. He was a big young fellow, pallid as he stood under the gas, sly, a dancing doll, with two curls on his temples, like a girl's. He chuckled as he fixed his mocking eye on me. The others kept silence, such utter silence that I heard my heart beating like a drum.

I clasped my hands on my head and said, "My wife and my little 'uns will die. So be it. And I shall not go to work. But I swear that you—you—you shall pay for this insult, and you and I shall fight it out. When? Now! Weapons? I will chose the weapons, and they shall be the heaviest hammers I can find, lighter for such as we than sword or pen; and you, mates, you shall be our seconds. Now, then, make a ring, and look in yonder corner for two good cudgels of iron, thick with rust. And you, you the scoundrel who loves to insult old men, make haste, off with your blouse and your shirt, and spit into your hand."

I was like a wild beast, and I elbowed my way among the smiths, and in the corner I chose out two hammers from the pile, and, judging them by my eye, I threw the better one to the fellow who had insulted me. He was still chuckling, but for all that he took the weapon, and was ready to defend himself.

"Come now, old chap," says he, "don't you be spiteful."

I answer his joke by walking straight

up to him. He can't look me in the face. I swing my hammer round my head; it is a smith's tool, but I can fight a duel with it.

I never saw a whipped cur with such eyes of terror as that fellow had, the coward, as he slunk backward, white as ashes, till he got his back against the wall. But, there!—it's too late—a red curtain, a mist of blood, comes between me and him as he crouches down in his fright—and with one blow I smash in his skull!

I know that it was murder, and that I am condemned to die. I don't want any tricks played to make out that a murder was only a duel. He lay there at my feet, dead, and his brains oozing out, and in a moment there came upon me all the curse of Cain. I could not move, I hid my face with my hands. My mates came round me and shuddered when they tried to touch me. But I drove them

back by a sign, and said to them, "Let me alone. I sentence myself to death."

They understood. I took off my cap and held it to them like the bag in church. Says I, "For my wife and the kids." That made ten francs that I sent them. After that I went to the police-station and gave myself in charge.

Now, my lords, you have the whole story of my crime, and you need not trouble yourselves about what the lawyer-gentlemen have got to say. I have told you so much about it to make you understand how one thing follows another to the dreadful end.

The kids are now in the same work-house where my old missus died of grief. And as for me, whether it is imprisonment or penal servitude, or even a free pardon, I really don't care; and if you send me to the gallows, my lords, thank you!

THE LINGUIST.

BY E. NESBIT.

"HERE he is!" I said, as I heard the cab-wheels at the door. "Poor devil, I wonder how he will like Collingwood College?"

Our French master shrugged his shoulders. "As the rest of us. It is not there the question. How will *we* like him?"

We were sitting in the dog-hutch—or masters' study—our only refuge from our flock—a dark, unwholesome, underground room that smelt of tea-leaves and black beetles. The French master had his thumb in a yellow-covered novel as usual. As usual, too, the German master was busy with grammar and dictionary. The candles in their bent japanned candlesticks lighted the room ill, but one hardly desired a light that should show more of it.

"The new master, sir," said the overgrown boy in buttons who opened the door and looked after the master's wife's pony. Then he came in. He was tall, very tall; he had a fair, round face, and chubby hands, and a pair of very round

innocent-looking blue eyes. Altogether, he was so like a large-sized child that his perfect self-possession came as a shock to one.

"First-rate, thank you," he said, in answer to the "how-d'ye-do" with which I greeted him. "What a rummy little den you've got here! D'ye know, it is just a chance that I'm here as English master; I was nearly taking a berth as French master at Blackheath."

Our French master looked up from his novel and said something courteous in his own tongue. The new man answered him. I don't pretend to know anything about French, so I will only say that they didn't seem to be talking the same language. Then our German master roused himself: "You speak also German?" he asked.

"Sir," answered the junior master, "I speak all modern languages except Russian, which is not a civilized tongue. I am a linguist; that is my strong point." He laughed, and gayly dashed into a German phrase.

Our German master followed him, and our French master found him more amusing than Paul Bourget. He sat there, beaming in the dim candle-light, and speaking first in French and then in German. His plunges into these tongues had a boldness about them that was almost convincing. Yet, when he had gone to the Dutch cheese and small beer provided as a restorative after his journey, and we others were left alone, our French master spoke. "I have never heard," he said, "since I teach the French, an accent so infame nor a construction so detestable."

"He thinks," said our German master, rubbing his head with his hands, "that he speaks German. O thou dear heart! German!"

I found out next day what his Latin was like, and when the lambs had been loosed from class, and were shrieking and shouting and fighting under the thin trees in the sodden playground, I thought it my duty to point out to him the false quantities he had made in my hearing.

"Did I?" he said, cheerfully. "I dare say. No doubt my Latin is a little rusty. You see, it's modern languages that I'm keen on. I wish we had a Spaniard here, or an Italian, now. There's nothing like keeping it up colloquially, eh?"

There was something about the boy—he could not have been more than twenty—which attracted me. It was partly his frankness; a tolerably fair and much misprized quality. Before he had been at Collingwood College a week he had told us all about himself. The college is in one of London's dreariest northern suburbs. It stands, stately in its stucco, in a waste of yellow brick and iron railings, and shelters under its roof the young of the grocer, the tailor, and the licensed victualler. The Principal is vulgar and greedy; the pupils, poor lads, are what their birth and breeding make them. The masters are generally decent fellows, often University men who are glad enough to get anything to do, even at Collingwood College, rather than starve or be longer a burden on the slender purse that has been strained to give

them their education. The Linguist was not one of these.

"I've taken up teaching," he said, "just to show them at home what I'm made of. My uncle—he's my guardian, you know—he's an awfully good fellow, but narrow—wants me to go in for farming, and because I wouldn't do that he cut off my allowance. How can I go in for farming? I want to travel, to translate, and to prepare for a great work, the work of my life—*An Exposition of Philology*. I'll tell you about it as we go down to Ludovici's," and he took my arm and walked me off in the direction of a certain *café* where we masters were accustomed to supplement the Dutch cheese of Collingwood College. He talked about his book all the way there, and when we had ordered our supper-dish he talked Italian to the management. The management, being Italian, was quick-witted and good-natured, and Monsieur and Madame helped out the Linguist by smile and gesture.

"A most delightful chat," he said, plunging the spoon into the macaroni. "What a gift is this, though, isn't it? I wish you could talk Italian, old fellow. Eh?"

It was impossible to laugh at him, and to pity him was obviously unreasonable, for he was very happy. I never knew so inveterately hopeful a man. He had a thousand schemes for making a fortune, and in each of them he believed fully. He never abandoned a scheme from any doubt of success; only, when a new way to fame and fortune occurred to him, he embraced it with an enthusiasm so large as to overwhelm the old idea.

As an English master he was worse than useless, but I didn't see that it was my business to tell old Collingwood so; and as long as a master was popular old Collingwood was satisfied. He had no means, poor creature, of knowing whether a teacher was efficient or not. And the Linguist was popular. Our German master liked him because he was patient and played chess. Our French master liked him because he was simple, and made an excellent and totally unconscious butt. The boys liked him because he was a

thoroughly good fellow, and had, further, some distinction in athletics which gave him a prestige he could never have attained by proficiency in any scholastic branch. And the Amber Witch liked him because he was handsome and well-grown, a gentleman, and, from her point of view, a catch. The Amber Witch was a daughter of the management at Ludovici's. She was dark and pretty, with immense black eyes as hard and shiny as beads, and a mouth like a scarlet flower. Her rejection of ineligible suitors always surprised them very much indeed. All her lovers believed in her pathetically, and she generally wore yellow. So we called her the Amber Witch.

Our Linguist fell in love with her the moment he caught sight of her through the tomatoes, salads, and sauce bottles of the window at Ludovici's. He fell in love with all the enthusiasm and hopefulness that characterized him. Whenever he could get away from the boys he was at the *café*—he lunched and dined and supped there, and he strolled in there for coffee and ices. And the management smiled upon him. He used to talk Italian at first to the Amber Witch, but after a while he told me that she preferred to talk French to him.

"She says she wants to improve her accent," he explained. My own belief is, she felt that he had not command of enough Italian to come to the point in that tongue; and she knew, as well as I did, that he would rather never have told his love than have lowered himself by a declaration in his own language, of which she was entire mistress. Anyway, I believe he proposed in French, and the Amber Witch accepted him. They were formally engaged. I confess that I did not expect the engagement to last—that I thought it would go the way of the many brilliant money-making schemes which the last few months had brought to bud, to blossom, and to decay. But here no new enthusiasm supervened, and I felt what a fool I had been not to try interference before things had gone so far, for he loved the girl with all the faith and passion of a very pure and candid soul. The girl, ordinary little

Italian milliner that she was, accepted his love as a matter of course, and his proposal as a matter of business. I had to look on and see it. And it was hard, for I had grown to love the boy. He was generous, unselfish, always at the command of any one who needed help; his schemes for money-making had always in postscripts a kindly application of his wealth when he should have made it.

"You know," said he to me, as we sat in the dog-hutch one evening, when our French master was at the theatre and our German master was at the Birkbeck—"you know I must think of something at once to make a position for *her*. She couldn't stand farming, so of course *that* question is settled. I think, as Principal of an International College, I should make my mark—eh?"

"I should think so," I answered, gravely. For the life of me, I could not keep answering him as though he were a child building air-castles.

"You see, I come of age next month," he said, "and then I can do as I like. Of course my proficiency in languages would be a great thing in my favor, and I think the boys like me a little, don't they—eh?"

"Of course they do," I said.

"God knows why they should," he went on. In all but the one point he was the humblest man I ever knew. "Nor why *she* should. But she does, thank God; and they do. I ought to succeed. Oh! yes, I shall succeed." There was the usual fire of enthusiasm in his eyes.

"I hope so, old fellow," said I, putting my hand on his shoulder. "Let us have a game of chess," I went on. I wish I hadn't. I wish I had let him talk, but I was tired of my work, and very sad about my own affairs, which don't concern this story, and I felt I could not bear any more talk of his projects just then. So we played chess, and—I wish we hadn't.

He didn't say any more about the International College. We were all very busy with the holidays coming on—the Easter holidays.

When I came back after Easter I saw

at the end of our Crescent a very large and new brass plate on the gate of a big house that had been empty some time. I crossed the road to look at it.

"INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE."

And below was the Linguist's name as Principal.

As I stood there, gaping, he came running down the broad steps to me.

"Ah! I knew you'd be pleased," he said. "You see, I'm doing it in style. I only got fifty down when I came of age, and I'm doing most of it on tick. We're to be married in June. The thing will be fairly going by then."

"What does your uncle say?"

"Oh! he's furious! Poor, dear old boy! His class prejudices are monstrous. But, you see, it's my money, and he'll have to come round sooner or later. Come and see over the house."

It was very large and bare, and had very little furniture in it; but that, he explained, would be all right when he had had time to look about him. And pupils—how many promises had he?

Well, in point of fact, none at present; but a great many of the boys at old Collingwood's had often told him they would like to come to his school, and he had some first-rate prospectuses.

He took me into a large bleak room whose emptiness was only emphasized by the desks and forms that ran down its gaunt length. Here was a deal table strewn with a lot of very expensive-looking stationery. I turned over some of it and noticed a line which ran, "Special attention will, of course, be given to Foreign Languages." I had it on my tongue's tip to tell him what a fool he was, and I laid down the prospectus and cleared my throat. Then I saw his face, and I simply could not do it. The boy was radiant—all the delight of a child with a new toy shone in his big blue eyes.

"Something like a prospectus that, eh!" he said, rubbing his hands.

I said it was indeed.

"I flatter myself that will fetch them if the plate doesn't," he went on.

I said if that didn't nothing would. Then he took me off to show me the

kitchen and offices. As we went down the steep stairs I tried again to tell him he was an absolute idiot, and I had actually opened my mouth for the purpose, when as we reached the bottom step he turned and threw his arm over my shoulder, in a boyish affectionate way he had, and said—

"No dog-hutches here, old fellow! You shall have the best room in the house for your study, and any screw you like to name. Eh? You'll come to me after midsummer—when the wedding's over and we're settled—eh?"

And then, I give you my word, I could not do it. I could not tell him that he hadn't a ghost of a chance of doing any good with his school or with the Amber Witch either; that his foreign languages would be the contempt of a child in *Ahn's Second Course*; that in short, all his hopes and dreams were vain and fruitless. A better man would have told him all this at once. I wish I were a better man.

I only clapped him on the back and wished him luck and thanked him for his offer; and then went back to Collingwood's feeling as mean as a man who has promised a silver new nothing to a trusting three-year-old.

Old Collingwood was furious at the brass plate. Of course he didn't know how little there was behind it—in every sense—and I wasn't going to enlighten him.

I helped the Linguist to address and send out his circulars, our French master smoking and looking on just to encourage us; and our German master helped me to carry them to the post in the waste-paper basket—a vehicle bitterly appropriate. Then the Linguist sat down and awaited applications from the Parent. But the post only brought disappointment, secured in halfpenny wrappers, mostly taking the form of advertisements from tradesmen desiring his custom. And his fifty pounds was nearly spent. He had bought an engagement ring and a locket for the Amber Witch, and had taken her up the river and to the theatre. I imagine that time of waiting for pupils was the happiest of his life.

The continued silence of the Parent

had no effect on him. He was, I repeat, incurably hopeful. He was not saddened even by the curiously unanimous pressure brought to bear on him about the middle of May by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

"This is terrible," I said to him, turning over a heap of blue and white bills. "What are you going to do—"

"Wolf at the door, eh?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes," I said, "the wolf is indeed at the door, calling for absolutely the last time before the matter leaves his hands." And indeed an angry milkman had just left a message in those terms.

"Oh! well, I must write to my uncle, I suppose; though I did want him to see that I could do without him. However, for the poor wolf's sake—"

So he wrote inclosing a prospectus. I was with him when the answer came.

"Now we'll send a bone to your friend the wolf," he said, tearing open the envelope. Then he grew suddenly silent—a breathless silence. He read the letter through twice, and his face was like death. The paper dropped from his fingers. He got up abruptly, and, walking to the window, looked out.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Read that," he said in a choked voice. I read:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:—Your conduct in running counter to all my advice compels me to tell you that you are mistaken in your estimate of your fortune. You have nothing. All that your father left you he desired me to use at my discretion. I have put it all into the farm, which is, besides, heavily mortgaged. Your only chance to pull anything out of the fire is to return to the farm, to your duty, and to me. As for your engagement, I presume that will now be at an end. Your aunt sends her love, and

"I remain,

"Your affectionate

"UNCLE."

I laid the letter on the table.

"What shall I do? O my God! what shall I do? Think of *her*, old fellow. How can I tell her?"

"It won't make any difference to her," I said. "If she's any sort of girl she'll only love you the more."

There again I was wrong. I knew the Amber Witch better than to suppose that in that sense she was "any sort of a girl," but I wanted to console him, and that seemed the easiest way. So I said again:

"Of course she'll never give you up because you're poor."

I wish I hadn't said that. He looked at me very earnestly.

"You think that angel would share my poverty?"

"Of course," I said. I knew it wasn't true, but his eyes frightened me. It was the first time I had seen them without the light of hope.

"Then," he said, very slowly, "I must give *her* up."

"That's well said," I answered, feeling that good was coming out of evil. "That would be the honorable and right course. Don't see her again," I said, trying to spare him pain which the Amber Witch would not have spared him.

"No," he answered, in a dazed sort of way; "no, I'll never see her again—never, never, never."

"Dear old man," I said, "don't take it so to heart. If I were you I should just write her a letter, and then go home."

"Yes," he spoke in the same dazed voice, "I'll just write her a letter, and then go home. You think she would never give me up?" He suddenly raised his forlorn blue eyes to put the question.

"No," I felt that I had got on the right tack. "She's as true as steel. You mustn't drag her into poverty. She could never stand a farm life."

"No, I mustn't drag her into poverty. I—I will be brave. Don't think me a fool."

He laid his arms on one of the long desks and his head on his arms, and I saw his shoulders heave. There was a lump in my own throat, and a pricking in my own eyes, as I stood with my hand on his arm.

"I must go," I said; "I have to take those wretched boys for preparation. I'll run round afterward."

He stood up. It was characteristic of him that he did not try to hide from me, any more than a child would have done, his tear-stained face. His voice was thin and tired.

"Don't come back, I'd rather say good-bye now. I—I shall take your advice—you know. Just write her a letter and go home—now—to-night. We've been awful jolly together, haven't we—eh? I—perhaps we may meet again some day—somehow—somewhere. I won't say good-bye, old man. Only *au revoir*. Eh?"

"*Au revoir*," I repeated. "Cheer up—it'll all come right in the end." I don't in the least know what I meant.

The Linguist shook hands with me, and came with me to the front door. There he shook hands again, and suddenly took both my hands.

"You won't let them say I was a coward or afraid of work—or afraid of poverty with her—will you? You'll explain that I couldn't drag her down? That I knew she would be true as steel—so the only way was for me to give her up. You'll tell them it was the only possible way out of it?"

"Of course," I said. Then the boy kissed me, French fashion, on both cheeks.

I looked back over the big brass plate of the International College, and the Linguist waved me a farewell from the top step. "*Au revoir*," he cried. And I answered, "*Au revoir*."

My mind was full of him; and when the boys were quiet at last I thought it could do no harm to run round and see if he had gone home.

On the steps of the International College I found a stout stranger with the air and scent of the country about him. Beside him was one of the waiters from the Café Ludovici.

"I can't make any one hear," said the stranger.

"Ni moi non plus," said the waiter; "here, sir—letter from Mademoiselle; no response." He handed me a note

addressed to the Linguist, and hurried back to his round of service.

The stranger spoke.

"You seem a friend of his?"

I named my name.

"Yes, I've heard him speak of you. Now, I'll tell you what it is. He's headstrong and silly, and my wife, she put me up to writing him a letter, just to bring him to himself; but I felt no good would come of it, and the more I thought of it the less I liked it. And at last I couldn't bear it any longer, and so I've just run up to town to put things right. And now he's so angry he won't let me in."

"I think he's gone home; but we'll try again."

We tried again.

We heard the bell clang loudly in the unfurnished house—but no footstep.

"You are his uncle, I suppose?" I said. "I saw your letter to him."

"Was he much put out?"

"Naturally."

The man nodded. "I wrote the same letter to the girl's father," he said. "It was a lie, young man, and a cruel lie. I see that now, but you know what women are at persuading and persuading, and scheming and scheming. His money's as right as right in Consols; and—"

"All right," I interrupted; "he's broken off with her and gone home."

"You don't think"—the uncle's rosy, wholesome face blanched in the street-lamp's light—"that he's been taken ill or anything?"

"No." Then I remembered how, in a moment of enthusiasm, he had forced a latch-key on me in readiness for the time when I should be his English master with "the best room in the house, and any screw I liked to name."

"I forgot—I have a key," I said, and opened the door.

It was very dark inside. I stood in the hall and called his name to an answering echo.

We struck a match, and, going into the school-room, lighted the gas there. The Linguist was sitting at the deal table where the prospectuses were kept, his arms lying on the table and his head on his

arms. There were some letters lying by him.

His uncle sprang toward him, calling him by name. He never moved. The old man laid his hand on the bowed head.

"My dear boy," he said, "it's not true. It was—it was—a sort of joke. Forgive your old uncle."

I came close and raised his head.

"He is dead," I said, and stood beside him, sick at heart, with her letter of insolent dismissal in my hand.

"It was laudanum," I said, presently, pointing to a blue, red-labeled bottle on the table.

"It was my doing," said the old man, trembling, and hanging to my arm.

"It was mine," I said to my soul. The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

I have her letter to him, and his to her. His letter told her very simply

how he, knowing that only death could shake such constancy as hers, now by his death released her. The letter is written in French. It is stained in places, and the Amber Witch sold it to me for a sovereign.

I have his letter, I say, but I am not going to print it here, because of what happened when I showed it to our French master. It was in the dog-hutch. He looked over my shoulder as I re-read it by the dim light of the candle in the battered tin candlestick. I read the honest outpouring of the boy's generous, simple heart, and presently the words grew indistinct, and I felt my face flush and my eyes prick.

Then the French master said, shrugging his shoulders:

"Je vous demande un peu! What construction!"

And that was the Linguist's epitaph.

GRADATION.

BY J. S. HOLLANDS.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, *round by round.*

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a grander view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered, by good and gain;
By pride deposed and passion slain;
By the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
But our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may *hope*, and *resolve*, and *aspire*, and *pray*;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the vaulted skies;
But the dreams depart, and the visions fall,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stones.

FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE GLADIOLUS.

THE Gladiolus is our very finest summer-flowering plant, all things considered. It is of the easiest possible culture. Any one can grow it. It is not necessary that one should have any previous knowledge of the culture of flowers in order to succeed with it. All it asks is a soil made rich and mellow, and kept free from weeds. Plant the bulbs about five inches deep. When the flower-stalks appear set a small stake near them, and tie them to it to prevent their being broken by sudden and strong winds. This is about all the care required to grow this charming plant well.

It is a flower of most wonderful variety. It comes in all shades of red, from darkest scarlet and crimson to softest rose; in lilac, pale yellow, and almost pure white, and in nearly all varieties these colors are blended in flakes, stripes, and blotches, in such a manner as to give a most gorgeous flower. But, unlike most flowers to which that adjective would apply, there is nothing coarse about this plant. While of the richest coloring, it has all the delicacy of texture which characterizes the Lily.

The Lemoine varieties are wonderful specimens of Nature's color-work. The peculiar blotches and flakes which characterize this beautiful class remind one of the Orchid in the delicacy and intensity of their color. Nowhere else have we such

vivid and strong, yet harmonious contrasts. If some of the white varieties

are planted along with these richly-colored sorts, the effect is superb. The



GLADIOLUS, SNOW WHITE.

beauty of both is enhanced by the contrast.

The Gladiolus is most effective when planted in groups or beds. Some prefer to grow them in rows, but the result is

teen flower stalks, and from these you will secure a mass of color which one bulb in a place can never give.

In beds they should be planted about six inches apart. Most cheap collections come in dark and light colors, and by massing them, alternately, a very pleasing effect is secured—one that will satisfy much better than where light and dark sorts are planted indiscriminately.

I have spoken of cheap collections. I would not have you infer from the term used that these collections are inferior, for they are not. They are cheap in the sense that they cost but little money, but as regards quality of flower they are quite equal to many of the expensive named sorts. Of course, if you want a plant of some particular color, for a certain place, it will be necessary for you to order a named variety, for unless you do that you cannot be sure what you are going to have, but where a fine flower is wanted, and you are not particular as to its color, the unnamed seedlings will give as much pleasure, and cost you only a fraction as much.

THE CHINESE PRIMROSE.

Some years ago this plant was seen in most good collections of window plants, but the many new sorts that have been introduced with captivating descriptions, and which were said to have wonderful merits, have led to their neglect, but ere long they will come to the front again, as those who grow them remember how satisfactory they were.

As a winter-blooming plant we have few that are superior. Given proper treatment they will bloom from November to May. They may not be as showy as many plants, but they have the merit of real beauty, and because of their constant blooming habit they will be sure to make friends among those who have not heretofore grown them.

They should have a soil made up of loam and leaf-mold, with some sand mixed in. Provide good drainage. Keep the soil moist, but not wet, and do not give too



GLADIOLUS LEMOINEI.

never as satisfactory as where the effect of color is intensified by massing. If grouped, I would advise putting at least half a dozen bulbs together. From these you will get, probably, a dozen or eight-

much sun. An eastern window is good for them, and the white sorts bloom well in a north window—something that can be said of but few plants.

The Primrose does not like to have water stand about the crown of the plant, therefore, in potting it, be careful to have the plant stand high in the pot. Let the earth slope from the crown to the sides of the pot so that water will run away from the plant, rather than in

popular variety of all. The foliage is soft and easily broken, therefore plants should be very carefully handled. Do not shower the plants. Like most plants having a hairy leaf they are somewhat impatient of water standing on them.

Do not give too high a temperature if you want them to do their best. Fifty-five degrees is warm enough for them.

Cut off the old flowers as soon as they begin to fade. New stalks will be thrown



HELIANTHUS MULTIFLORUS.

toward the centre of the pot and stand there, as it would if the soil was lower there than at the edges. If it does, decay is pretty sure to result, and that will weaken if not kill the plant.

This plant comes in several colors—red, pink, lilac, violet, and pure white. Some dealers advertise a blue variety, but I have never seen it. It is both single and double. The best double is the white. This is, I think, the most

up from time to time, and often a plant seems quite covered with bloom. Each flower is about the size of a silver quarter, and from twenty to forty will be borne in a cluster, though not all will be out at one time.

THE HELIANTHUS MULTIFLORUS.

Accompanying this article we give an illustration of the flower of this most desirable hardy border plant.

It is a late bloomer, generally being at its prime in September. It forms a compact mass of branches about three feet in height and as many across. Every branch will produce several flowers, and it will be readily understood, from this, that a plant is very ornamental, when in full bloom. Its color is a rich golden yellow. The flowers have one row of broad petals. The centre of each blossom is filled with narrow petals, and there are so many of them that a rounded effect is given the flower which is very pleasing.

For cutting, for large vases, it is the finest flower obtainable at the season of the year when it is in fullest bloom. It is excellent for using with dark colored Dahlias. No garden should be without it.

FROM FLOWER-LOVING FRIENDS.

THE IMATOPHYLLUM.

I do not think your description of the *Imatophyllum miniatum* does the plant full justice. I have a plant six years old, which has seven stalks of bloom, the smallest having twelve and the largest having twenty-five blossoms, in all one hundred and twenty-four flowers. The blossom stalks average fifteen inches in height. It stands in a tub in a bay window where it has the sun an hour or two in the day. It commenced blooming the last of April, and the last remaining flower on the first stalk is fresh to-day (June 15th). Mine blossoms in the winter, and again in spring, and after blooming I withhold water for a month or two till I set it out-of-doors, and in August it blossoms a second time.

When growing and blooming I give abundance of water and liquid manure, weak and often. *It is truly a wonderful plant.* I have good success with most bulbs, but last spring I purchased a Spider Lily which grew two good sized healthy-looking leaves, but the third one turned yellow and died when not more than three inches long, and the others soon followed. I let the bulb rest till fall, and it again started to grow, only to repeat the same process this winter.

Will you tell me if it should be grown

in sun or shade, kept wet or rather dry, bulb covered with earth or mostly out of ground?

MRS. J. J. PUFFER.

THE SMILAX.

Last spring I planted a packet of mixed seeds for the window garden, and among them were a few *Smilax* seeds, which came up very irregularly, and all were long in starting to grow. Had I recognized the seeds and soaked them several hours in warm water they would doubtless have germinated more readily. Two of the plants were sent away in letters to my two sisters in another State. A small piece of cotton was moistened and placed around the root of each tiny plant, when three or four leaves had developed, then tin-foil was placed over this, and they were intrusted to the care of "Uncle Sam." Those that I retained did not make as rapid growth through the winter as I fancied they should, and only lately I learned the reason, which was, because the *Smilax*, being tuberous rooted, needs a season of rest each year.

Why, I wonder, do we not more frequently find this little glossy-leaved beauty among floral collections?

I was glad of the information in the January number about the treatment of *Amaryllus*, as I have one, and the donor said I would have to wait *three* years for bloom.

KEEP THE SEED-BED MOIST.

The reason, I think, why many amateurs fail in raising plants from seed is because they do not keep the soil moist until the tender plants are firmly rooted. If the sun is scorching hot after planting, I sometimes lay old carpeting over the seed-bed during the heat of the day, or even a board laid across each row of seeds (as the rows should be marked), or even paper will do if nothing better is at hand. It is rather discouraging, after having bestowed package after package of the best of seeds upon one's numerous friends, to be greeted with a story of failure, and informed that "those seeds you gave me never came up," when your own rewarded your watchful care with the production of such multitudes of

plants that you scarcely knew what to do with them all.

I wonder if a pig would "come up" if placed in a pen in a remote corner and neglected as flower-beds sometimes are?

MILDRED MERLE.

THE TEN WEEKS' STOCK AS A WINTER PLANT.

Have any of the readers of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ever tried the ten weeks' stock for this purpose? Last spring several tiny ones, already budded, were given us, and, just for the sake of experiment, I set one in a tin fruit can, and placed it with other plants in a south window. It has been the most cheerful plant in that window through the winter, and now (March 8th) it is still blooming bravely.

MRS. E. L. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARGUERITES, OR PARIS DAISIES.—

Mrs. W. H. H.—This plant is a variety of *Chrysanthemum*, somewhat resembling the ordinary annual of that name in foliage, but not in habit of growth, as it soon becomes hard wooded in its older growth. Its flowers are almost exactly like those of the field Daisy, though, perhaps, a trifle larger. They consist of a row of petals about a yellow disc. There are two kinds, yellow and white. The latter is the variety most generally cultivated. They are good winter bloomers. To succeed with them, give a soil of loam and turfy matter, and plenty of room for the roots. Also, be sure to give plenty of water. Unless these items are attended to you need not expect them to bloom well. The flowers are very pretty for the corsage or button-hole. A well-grown plant in full bloom is a pretty window ornament, and has such a cheerful appearance that one cannot help liking it.

GREVILLIA.—Miss S.—This plant comes from Florida, where it becomes quite a little tree. It is sometimes called the Silk Oak, because its young foliage has a sort of silky texture. Its leaves are about a foot in length, much divided, and finely cut—so much so as to greatly resemble a Fern. If given a good soil and a large pot, plants soon become fine

specimens, and are very ornamental in green-houses, or for hall decoration. It is of the easiest culture. It does not bloom very freely, or frequently, but when it does, it has quite pretty yellow flowers.

WINTERING TENDER ROSES.—Mrs.

Haight.—If you have no cellar to keep them in, choose some dry, well-drained location and bury the plants. That is, dig a pit a foot or two deep, and lay the plants in. Fill in with the earth taken from the pit, and heap it over it to the depth of eight or ten inches. In this way quite tender kinds can be safely wintered out-of-doors, but it is of the greatest importance that the spot chosen should be perfectly drained. If water stands about the plants in spring you need expect nothing from them.

CINERARIAS.—M.—This plant would doubtless be more extensively grown were it not so subject to attacks from the green fly, or aphid. If one of these insects is anywhere about, he will find this plant, and in a short time the underside of the leaves will be covered with them, and before you know it the plants are ruined. To rid it of this pest, I know of nothing better than the Sulpho Tobacco Soap. Prepare as directed on the cans in which you buy it, and dip the plants into the infusion. Let the tea dry on the leaves. This soap is one of our best insecticides, and can be depended on in fighting the green fly or plant louse.

DOUBLE PETUNIAS.—Mrs. Heywood.

—I like this plant for summer blooming, but have never succeeded with it in the green-house or window in winter. Why, I do not know, unless because of fire-heat. The flowers almost invariably blast. But in summer, when no artificial heat is required, they come out well. As a bedder it is not a success, as it is not able to stand strong winds. It does not seem to have the vitality which characterizes the single sorts. It can be grown from cuttings. If you have grown many plants in the house, you have probably noticed that single flowers are much less likely to blast than double ones.

DOUBLE MORNING GLORY.—Johnny

Todd.—Yes, the "Double Morning Glory" which certain dealers catalogue is nothing more or less than what is popularly known as Bind-weed, but whose proper name is Calystizia. It is a most decided nuisance, as the plants root wherever they touch the soil, and are propagated by suckering, and every little piece becomes an independent plant. It is almost impossible to destroy it with the hoe, and as for pulling it up, wholly, that

is impossible, as pieces will break off in the earth, and grow. Were it not for its weedy habit it would be quite a desirable plant for the garden, as its pink and white flowers are pretty. I quite agree with you that dealers are blamable for sending out such plants under new names, and thus deceiving persons into buying something they would never think of putting into their gardens if they were aware of its real nature.

A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE advocates of the two schools of romance enter their pleas about thus. The highest art is creative, say the idealists, therefore that is romance *par excellence* which has its foundation in the author's brain.

That only can be good which is true, argue the realists. Write out of your experience. Turn your life inside-out for public inspection, leave the dust and cobwebs in the corners, the ashes in the grate, the dregs in the cup; so shall those who enter the sanctuary know that a veritable man has made it his dwelling-place.

But it is by signs and symbols alone that we must learn what the man has suffered or enjoyed. We do not want him to stir up the dust for us. It would be unendurable to have him say "Come, you shall hear at what cost I have accumulated these ashes. I will tell you just how bitter the cup that I have drained."

A veritable man could not act in such wise—but a woman! Dear creature, she never loses her faith in the sympathy which each individual member of her sex inspires. It is of no consequence that Mary Smith's love affair is the ditto of Ethel Jones's romance; the two ladies tell their stories in the firm belief that a

personal interest attaches to their slightest experience.

In

"A TRUE LOVE STORY OF THE WAR,"

WRITTEN BY

THE HEROINE, A SOUTHERN WOMAN,

we have the most remarkable exemplification of the above statement that has yet come under our observation.

The words "written by the heroine" unfortunately hamper us; although the woman who can relate her griefs in theatrical hyperbole, without a trace of genuine emotion, invites the ridicule which we long to cast upon the clap-trap and flummery of these introductory pages.

A girl of eighteen, rejoicing in the tropical name of Inez, makes her entrance upon the stage bearing a telegram from which she learns that her father, Colonel Harringcourt, has been killed in battle at Gettysburg.

"Being the youngest of four children, Inez had been a great pet with her deceased parent, and inconsolable was she at the realization that she would never again enjoy his fine companionship, or caress his noble form." * * * "Her two brothers were not even furloughed to come home and shed their tears over the bier of the dear departed," but the negroes on the plantation indulged in a very luxury of woe, "weeping" and "wailing," "impulsively swearing allegiance to their Missus, and young Miss, embracing them in their wild enthusiasms

and importunate demonstrations from head to foot."

We abstain from quoting here certain passages relative to the "relationship" existing between master and slave in those days. They are partly true, though enveloped in sentimentalities, but this is equal to anything Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, ever uttered:

"Twice had Colonel Harringcourt shot down overseers whom favorite old servants had reported as oppressing them when he had dictated that *they should have no work at all to do, only at their inclination!*"

Truly Colonel Harringcourt had decidedly original ideas as to the cultivation of his "vast estates"!

These little domestic pictures are sandwiched between more pretentious landscape paintings, so highly colored that one positively forgets that they are intended to represent nature.

Here, for instance, we have a view of the Hot Springs of North Carolina, with "its pools of gurgling warm water to heal the sick and delight the well; its limitless lawns at the base of the mountains, the lovely, majestic French Broad, *roaring like a lion, charming by day and soothing by night* to sleep its hundreds of listeners."

The late P. T. Barnum died too soon. What would he not have given for a French Broad type of lion?

"A True Love Story," resembles the river in that it runs on and on. It fails to "charm by day," but were it possible to secure for it "a hundred listeners," we are very certain that it would effectually "soothe them to sleep."

Finally, we are cruel to be kind: the Southern heroine should forever abstain from pen and ink except for necessary familiar correspondence, where we trust she can emancipate herself from the high-flown language and rambling character of her stories.

We have accorded her so much space simply that the paragraphs quoted may serve as a warning to the next person who feels disposed to treat us to this exaggerated and utterly false sort of literature.

"ONLY A LOVING WOMAN."

Here is another, though altogether different, specimen of florid writing. In this case the style is really picturesque—finished, too finished. The very handwriting of the author indicates a disposition to bestow upon her work extreme care. We venture to say that not a sentence was copied until it was considered quite rounded, complete.

Isn't that as it should be?

Yes, if you admire a room swept and garnished, with every chair in its place, the sofa scarf tied exactly in the middle, the curtains open so many inches, and matched vases one on each side of the clock.

This, however, is only true of the surroundings—the atmosphere. The "Loving Woman" is lovely as well, the men almost preternaturally faithful to love and friendship.

Perhaps the interview with the worthless husband detracts somewhat from the truthfulness of the tale. Such a man would hardly seek an opportunity to meet a deserted wife, especially in the presence of injured and angry relatives, unless he had an object in view.

That such angelic beings as Amy cling to the earthiest of mortals through life is only too true, but they do so more in tenderness or pity than in ignorance of the vices of those they love.

"Only a Loving Woman" is good; it might be improved by eliminating a few rhapsodical sentences at the beginning. If you would personate a man reject all feminine forms. Hardly, even *soto voce*, does a man put his deepest feelings into such womanish language, rarely, if ever, does he *think* in such a sentimental fashion as that adopted by the narrator of Amy's sad history.

Yet, we repeat, despite this second weakness, the author has every reason to believe that she will find—if she has not already found—a market for her stories.

"THE POET'S MOTHER."

A pathetic tale, illustrating the adage, "the stream of affection runs downward." Its great fault is lack of force. The consummate selfishness of the Poet

does not stand out quite so clearly as it might. The chief character strikes one as dreamy, absent, lost in poetical visions rather than willfully neglectful or unkind to the loving, hard working mother. Those of his own craft will perhaps sympathize somewhat with the impatient toss of his long locks under an inopportune caress, even though the hand resting upon his head had worn itself in his service.

Byron was adjudged insane by his wife because he answered all too emphatically when she broke in upon a reverie with the question:

"Am I in your way, Byron?"

"Damnably!" was the reply.

We are not advocating profanity nor heartlessness in thus pointing out the faults of human and especially of poet-nature. All we mean to say is that in this particular instance we can only half condemn the Poet, while pitying the mother.

By the way, the author invariably speaks of this estimable person as "a widow-lady." Why? *Widow* is quite sufficient and more elegant.

Speaking of poets reminds us that we do not criticise poetry in this department. Verse can certainly not be considered under the head of "fiction," and although in the beginning we so far yielded to pressure as to pass our opinion on a few samples submitted to us, we afterward stated that song and sonnet must give way to our legitimate branch, the story. Only this can we undertake to dissect.

"THANKSGIVING AT FARMER JOHNS'."

Though not particularly original is spirited. A life-like reproduction of an unprogressive countryman who objects to railroad incursions on his property, is the most attractive feature of the story. It was a mistake to have given us so little of him. Had there been less accident, less Susan and more Farmer Johns, had the author sacrificed plot to character study, she would, in our opinion, have increased the interest twofold.

The tale is well written.

"A JEST OF FATE."

Here we have an illustrated MS., the title unfolded on a graceful scroll, a handsome initial letter for the opening paragraph, a drawing of two full-length figures, and after "Finis" an unmistakably masculine signature.

"Good!" cry the critics, who have gone through an alphabetical list of feminine names attached to Heaven knows how many manuscripts.

But though the artist's pencil had charmed us never so wisely, though he had appended to "A Jest of Fate" a name as celebrated as Thackeray or Dickens, he could not escape condemnation. The story is commonplace to the last degree, the characters feebly drawn, the final situation absurdly strained, the whole a milk-and-water production.

As an illustrator of other people's works the author of "A Jest of Fate" may do very well; as an original writer he will not do at all.

It has long been our design to open a friendly contest between the sexes by offering certain suggestions for a story, and leaving authors, male and female, to work them out according to their several fancies. Such a scheme, beside the interest always attaching to competition of this kind, should benefit a large number of those who come to us for advice or assistance, by demonstrating the variety of forms into which pretty much the same material can be molded. It would also teach young writers to condense. Further, it ought to develop powers of observation, and induce a habit of mental alertness, so that a writer might press the button of his brain and leave thereon an instantaneous photograph.

Now, within the following limits any one is at liberty to compete, and the best two stories, one by a woman, the other by a man, will be accepted and paid for.

Manuscripts not quite up to, nor far below the standard, will be noticed in the "School of Fiction:"

1. Only those between the ages of twenty and fifty need submit MSS.
2. Not more than three, nor less than two thousand words will be considered.

3. All MSS. to be plainly written on one side of same sized paper.

4. A character study (drawn from life if possible), male or female, good or evil, fierce, passionate, tender, pathetic, but unusual, is the thing desired.

5. No dialect.

6. Manuscripts must be in by last day of the year 1892.

7. The two best tales will appear in the Magazine as soon thereafter as possible.

8. Always send stamps for return of rejected articles.

9. Address Editors of School of Fic-

tion, mark the number of words, and state if submitted for contest.

We have fixed the age of twenty as the earliest because few of either sex are sufficiently mature before that time to understand a world which lies beyond the horizon of extreme youth.

On the other hand, however men and women past fifty may have gained in experience, they are apt to lose something of the spirited touch necessary to a graphic picture. Therefore, we have thought it well to strike a happy medium between the two.

TWO WAYS.

"Faith without works is dead."—BIBLE.

SAID Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray:
"I've worn my knees thro' to the bone,
But it aint no use to pray.

"Your corn looks twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way;
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayer with a little toil
Along in every row,
An' I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vigorous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost, well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"An' so, I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From plowing clean to the harvest's end
You must hoe as well as pray."—*Leisure Hours.*



LITTLE BOY BLUE BEREAVED.

LITTLE Boy Blue has lost his mother—
 Nevermore will he find another
 This side of Happy Land ;
 O Earth ! be kind to Little Boy Blue,
 He has need of tender friends and true,
 Though he does not understand.

His eyes were the last blue skies she saw,
 And his little heart was filled with awe
 As they led him away from her ;
 But now there are tears in those azure
 deeps,
 As Boy Blue back to his mother creeps,
 And she does not smile or stir.

O loving mothers of other Boy Blues.
 'Tis the saddest thing in the world to lose
 Your darlings out of your sight—
 And yet it is better that they should go,
 Than be left, like little Boy Blue, below,
 To grieve for you in the night.

TOM MASSON in *Yankee Blade*.

THE FALLING-IN OF THE FALLING-OUT.

BY MERRIE MILLER.

THE Babbletown boys and the Babbletown girls had quarreled. For the last five years there had been a distinct set of young people in Babbletown—the liveliest, jolliest set imaginable.

There had been an unusual amount of gayety planned for the coming year, as they would all graduate from the high school the next summer, and the set would then be completely broken up.

And now had come the first break in its gay harmony.

The girls had fully decided that the boys were "too mean to be endured." And the boys thought that "a girl *must* be cracked who would expect a fellow to stay away from a foot-ball match for a little picnic in Brown's woods."

The boys had not discovered that there was to be a game in Leighton until the girls had made all preparations for the picnic.

Leighton was five miles from Babbletown, and many were the picnics held in the great woods between the two towns ; while the old tavern in the outskirts of Leighton was the objective point of many a gay sleigh-riding party, bent on a dancing or husking frolic.

A week went by, and as yet the girls had taken no notice of the boys, except a chilly bow occasionally when they met at school.

As, contrary to the usual custom, the boys and girls were seated indiscriminately around the school-room, the girls were obliged to keep their eyes glued to their books all the time, in order to maintain their injured dignity and not swerve from their fixed determination of completely ignoring the boys.

The teacher was delighted ; never before had there been such high standings and such perfect order. After the boys had been repelled several times in endeavors to win the girls' friendship, they became angry and, finally, indifferent.

And then the fact that the companionship of girls has a decidedly good and refining influence on boys began to be manifested.

Gradually the boys lost interest in their studies and games, and some of

them began to indulge in smoking and street loafing.

At this point, the amusement of the elders at the "children's falling-out" changed to grave anxiety, and they began to consider what could be done about it. It was finally decided to arrange a grand husking and dance in the largest farm-house. *That* would surely be an excellent opportunity for a "falling-in."

"Girls, you've heard about the husking? Well, now—I say here's just the chance to pay the boys back in their own coin." It was Milly James who spoke, who had never been quite able to forget the elaborate cakes and pies she had toiled over for that picnic which never came off.

"We're with you," exclaimed two or three other revengeful lassies. "Have you thought of anything in particular?"

"Yes, I have; now you know the boys will of course grasp this chance to fall in with us again, but—" a pause of dire significance.

"But what, but what?"

"But *we* won't be there," finished Milly, calmly. "Now, wait, don't look so disapproving; I haven't finished. Cousin Frank was on from Leighton this morning, and he said the Leightonites were going to have a big husking in the old tavern and—it's the same night as ours. Now! *Comprenez?*"

"Splendid! O Milly!" cried her delighted followers.

"But," said one cautious maid, "we've got to hire Jim Tompson's big sleigh to get us over there, and—and lots of things, and how are we going to do all those things without our folks finding it out and interfering? I'm afraid it will make lots of mischief."

"We've simply *got* to do it. We must all do our best and trust to luck to making the old folks appreciate our plan of vengeance *afterward*. There's the bell. Silence above all things. But, to help in the good cause, let's just *notice* the boys this morning."

Through the sharp cold air the full moon stares down upon sixteen animated

bundles of clothing making the straw rustle and crack as they climb in and dispose themselves about on the bottom of an old wood-sled.

Then, silence, and the old sled glides away. Fifteen minutes later, when no house or barn darkens the whiteness around them, from the "bundles" comes a score of ringing cheers.

And then for the next hour there is such a hullabaloo as old Jim has never had behind him before.

"O girls! here we are. I'm just frozen. Wish they'd dance first instead of husk. Let's get in quick." Out they roll, stagger and blunder along until they reach the wide piazza. And then, as they pause a second to take breath, some one suddenly exclaims, "*Why, it's all shut up!*" And it truly is. Not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. With one accord sixteen heavy veils are torn from sixteen startled faces and—

Oh! what a shock! Stifled gasps and screams, and the girls recoil and huddle together in terror—for there not ten feet from them, sitting on the railing is a long, silent row of—

"Men! and we'll be murdered!" comes in a hysterical scream from little Fanny Stone.

It breaks the awful sudden silence and Milly starts bravely forward and vainly trying to steady her voice, says, "Who—who are you?"

Some one jumps down, a hat comes off, and in calm tones, "Ladies, do not be alarmed," and oh! blessed relief, 'tis Tom Hillyard's voice.

Milly impulsively rushes up to him, "Oh! I'm *so* glad! We came to the husking. What is the matter here? And how did you boys happen to be here?"

"We thought there was to be a husking here this evening and walked over, intending to spend the night here at the tavern."

His icy polite tones make Milly start, and she draws back, angry and mortified at her impulsiveness and forgetfulness.

And then the awkward pause is broken by old Jim, who calls out, as he drives up to the path, "Gals, the barn's shet up tight!"

Glad enough of an excuse to get away, the girls with one accord rush down to the sled.

"Jim, get us home again as quick as you can, please," says Milly James.

As the sled starts off the boys cannot refrain from bursting into laughter loud and long, as the comicality of the situation strikes them; when it has become a black spec in the distance they jump up and prepare to start for home.

Half the distance has been covered, when, at a turn in the road, they come suddenly upon a strange-looking group.

It is the girls again! They are huddled together by the side of the road. Some are crying, the rest alternately comforting and scolding.

The boys cannot ignore their distress.

"What's happened, girls? Do you want some help?"

And then somehow, in a few minutes (and not one of them could tell afterward how it came about), they are all walking along together in twos and threes, the boys guiding and encouraging, and the girls, now thoroughly subdued, telling all about it—how the sled broke down, and old Jim had gone ahead leading the horses, leaving the girls to follow, which they had had strength and courage to do only for a short distance.

When they finally arrive at Babbletown it is half-past eleven; but the boys propose that they all go on to Farmer Battles and surprise the people there. The girls, dreading the unavoidable explanations, are reluctant, but finally catch some of the boys' spirit and agree.

They peep in the window first, and great is their surprise to see the long hall filled partly with Leighton people.

They waylay some one coming out the door, and he tells them how something happened to the fiddler at the last moment, and so they all had come to the Babbletown festivities.

Then they rush noisily into the hall just as the old fiddler draws his bow across the strings and calls out "Money Musk!"

And then, totally ignoring the aston-

ishment of the old people and the dancers, they form in a long row down the hall, and mischievous Harry Bently calls out loudly, "Fall in!" as the music starts up.

And then amidst great applause from the enlightened old people they merrily, wildly dance down all the old enmity.

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

71. Q. In what order and when did the Southern States secede?

71. A. December 20th, 1860, South Carolina; January 9th, 1861, Mississippi; January 10th, Florida; January 11th, Alabama; January 19th, Georgia; January 26th, Louisiana; February 1st, Texas; April 17th, Virginia; May 6th, Arkansas; May 20th, North Carolina; June 8th, Tennessee.

72. Q. How did West Virginia become a State and what occurred April 13th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th, 1861?

72. A. The western part of Virginia, where slaves were few and Union feeling strong, in 1862 separated itself from Virginia and formed a new State, which took the name of West Virginia. Several battles were fought to secure control of this new State, and the battle of Rich Mountain, June 11th, 1861, finally gave West Virginia to the Federal Government. April 13th, fall of Fort Sumter; April 15th, President calls for 75,000 men; April 17th, Virginia secedes; April 18th, Confederates seize Harper's Ferry; April 19th, volunteers attacked in Baltimore; April 20th, Confederates seize Norfolk navy-yard.

73. Q. What occurred May 3d, 6th, and 20th?

73. A. May 3d, President calls for 82,748 men; May 6th, Arkansas secedes; May 20th, North Carolina secedes.

74. Q. What were the first battles of the war, and which side won in each?

74. A. 1861, June 3d, Union victory at Phillippi, Va.; June 10th, Union defeat at Big Bethel, Va.; June 11th, Union victory at Romney, Va.; July 21st, Union

defeat at Bull Run Va.; August 10th, battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.; September 10th, Union victory at Carnifax Ferry, Va.; October 21st, Union defeat at Ball's Bluff, Va. Bull Run and Ball's Bluff most important.

75. Q. 1862, what were the most important battles from January to July?

75. A. January 19th, 1862, Union victory at Mill Springs, Ky.; February 6th, capture of Fort Henry, Tenn.; February 8th, capture of Roanoke Island, N. C.; February 16th, capture of Fort Donelson, Tenn.; March 6th-8th, battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.; March 23d, Union victory at Winchester, Va.; April 4th, McClellan commences his Peninsular campaign; April 6th-7th, battle of Shiloh, Union victory; April 7th, capture of Island No. 10, Mississippi River; April 25th, capture New Orleans; May 4th, Yorktown, Va., taken; May 5th, Union victory at Williamsburg, Va.; May 30th, Corinth, Miss., taken; May 31st-June 1st, battle of Fair Oaks, Union victory; June 6th, Memphis, Tenn., surrendered; June 25th, commencement of seven days' battle in Virginia; July 1st, President calls for 300,000 more men.

76. Q. What naval actions were there?

76. A. Ram (Confederate) "Virginia" or "Merrimac" and the "Cumberland" and "Congress," March 8th, 1862, at Hampton Roads, Va.; March 9th, engagement between the "Monitor" and "Virginia."

77. Q. What battles from July to January, 1863?

77. A. 1862, July 1st, battle of Malvern Hill, Va.; August 9th, President calls for 300,000 more men, and Union victory at Cedar Mountain; August 26th-September 1st, Pope's battles between Manassas and Washington; August 30th, Union defeat at Richmond, Va.; September 14th, Union victory at South Mountain, Md.; September 15th, capture of Harper's Ferry by "Stonewall Jackson"; September 17th, Union victory at Antietam Creek, Md.; October 4th, Confederates defeated at Corinth, Miss.; December 13th, Union defeat at

Fredericksburg, Va.; December 29th, Union repulse at Vicksburg, Miss.; December 31st-January 2d, 1863, battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Union victory.

78. Q. Who was "Stonewall Jackson"?

78. A. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, born in Virginia in 1824, graduated at West Point, 1846. Served through the Mexican war with distinction. Entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war. At the first battle of Bull Run he resisted a charge so bravely and steadfastly that he gained the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. His influence over his men was unbounded, his bravery was very great, and to his skill and rapidity in marching much of the success of the Confederates is due. He was shot in the battle of Chancellorsville while riding to the rear, being mistaken by his men for a Union officer.

79. Q. What were the most important events of 1863?

79. A. January 1st, 1863, Emancipation Proclamation; May 1st, Union victory at Port Gibson, Miss.; May 2d-3d, Union defeat at Chancellorsville, Va.; July 1st-3d, Union victory at Gettysburg, Pa.; July 4th, capture of Vicksburg, Miss.; July 8th, capture of Port Hudson, La.; September 19th-20th, battle of Chickasawga, Ga.; November 24th, Union victory at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

80. Q. Who were the most famous generals on each side?

80. A. Union Generals—George B. McClellan, John Pope, Irvin McDowell, George H. Thomas, Ulysses S. Grant, George G. Meade, A. E. Burnside, Joseph E. Hooker, Admiral Farragut, W. S. Rosecrans, Philip H. Sheridan, William T. Sherman. Confederates—Thomas J. Jackson, Robert E. Lee, A. S. Johnston, P. G. T. Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, Baxton Bragg, J. B. Hood.

PRIZE WINNERS.

October—Sadie D. Rue, Bell Haven, Va.

November—Gertie E. Peckham, Leon, New York.

December—Florence Crandall, Nortonville, Kansas.

January—Scott Diercks, Sergeant's Bluff, Iowa.

February—Hallie Snyder, Arcola, Illinois.

March—George K. Freeman, Murfreesboro, Hertford County, N. C.

May—Guy C. Miller, Salem, Oregon, Box 184.

June—Josephine Warner, Unionville, Ohio.

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

SARGENTVILLE, ME., June 30th, 1892.

DEAR AUNT JEAN:

I wonder if any of the "Home Circle members" ever went berrying? If not, they don't know what they have missed. Such times as I have had ivory-plumming! Smooth, red berries, with such a delicious flavor.

They blossom the last of summer, but are not good to eat until the next spring; then as soon as the snow is gone and spring rains come, they begin to fill out and become larger. We do not pick the plums until some time in May; for one reason, they are not large enough before, another reason, our grandmothers say that the snow leaves a poison and therefore ivory-plums are unfit for eating unless there has been several good rains. Whether they are poisonous or not I can't say, but I do know that they'll make one's lips sore, for mine have been so many a time caused by eating ivory-plums too early. Aunt Jean, I am going to send you a box of ivory-plums next summer, if I may.

Yours truly,

BERTHA TURNER.

LOOKING BACK AND FORWARD.

BY DOROTHY DEANE.

IT was on the fairest of summer mornings that I looked back as the train pulled out of the little country station and saw the Pater standing alone on the platform. A curious mist, that did not belong to the shadowless morning, rose between me and the last glimpse of the little hill town, and the home nest among its trees.

The old happy life lay behind me. I had taken flight from the nest; the world lay all before me; like the boy in the story book, I had gone to seek my fortune.

The train thundered on, Chicago bound; past wide country fields starred over with flowers; still wood deeps; farm-houses sitting broad and comfortable among their trees; far reaches of corn fields, with lifted lances shining in the morning sun.

Here and there were little country cemeteries, overgrown with live-for-ever, with some few straggling evergreens, and headstones that leaned a little, as if they wished their time might come to lie down and go to sleep with the rest.

Stretches of distant woodland swept past in stately processional; white, country roads wound away through shine and shadow, dipping down here and there to cool themselves at little streams that shimmered across their way.

Familiar wild-flower faces nodded up at the car windows. One by one they waved farewell, and new flower-friends of the prairie country reached out hands of greeting. Mile after mile the country swept away on either side; fenceless fields, whose only boundary was the far gray sky.

All that was two years ago; Chicago and I are old friends now. For two years I languished in a boarding-house. But there is one room in the great wilderness whose memory will always be dear to me, and toward which I shall look back with dreamful eyes. Little and dingy and dark it was, but for me, as I sat there alone at nights, the place was enchanted.

The walls swept away, I looked far out into the beautiful valleys of Dream Country; the ceiling lifted, I saw visions of white clouds and stars and wings.

But the lark's nest is deserted. Every night when the day's work is done, I go away from the city smoke and noise and hurry, out into the sweet quiet of a little home nest among the trees. Not my own; only a corner of it is mine. It is a little house, but it is big enough for Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, and the little Prince and I—and Marguerite.

"What's that you say, Prince Curly Hair? Oh! yes, I'm going to tell them that Marguerite is a cat, and she's curled up in my lap this minute!"

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR BABY.

BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.

SUGGESTIONS in regard to whooping-cough are of interest at this season as it seems to be unusually prevalent.

The warm weather is in its favor. In a child who is in good health and naturally strong, it is not generally a dangerous disease, so far as life is concerned, but great care should be exercised to avoid complications which make the mortality of this disease very great.

According to statistics taken one year, this mortality is equal to one-third of the deaths resulting from diphtheria, which everybody knows as a most dreaded disease. Whooping-cough lasts a long time, from six weeks to two months, and mothers and nurses as a rule grow very careless before the end of this period.

As a consequence, babies die from debility, pneumonia, bronchitis, bowel-complaint, and kindred ailments.

The symptoms begin as an ordinary cold, a cold in the head, and a dry cough. After a few days the cough becomes paroxysmal, and comes when taking food or after some excitement, as laughing or crying. The child tries to stop coughing and the face becomes scarlet, and the eyes become suffused.

Vomiting soon follows, at first lightly, but it soon becomes more and more se-

vere, and in some cases it is painful to witness the suffering of the little ones.

The disease is a contagious one, and can be easily communicated in a crowded or badly-ventilated room, or in a street-car in which there may be or may have been a child with the whooping-cough. It is very inconsiderate and seems almost criminal in people to allow children thus affected to visit public places, as they frequently are allowed to do. The only protection of which a careful mother can avail herself is to compel her children to be kept entirely away from all others unless she is positive there is no difficulty of this kind existing. A child is capable of giving the disease to another from the first week until the cough has almost disappeared. The time of incubation is supposed to be about two weeks. If a child has been exposed to contagion and the cough does not develop during this time, there need generally be no further fear of its development. If it has appeared, the child must be guarded against exposure by proper clothing and must have careful and nutritious diet and abundance of fresh air, particularly the latter, as it makes the child more resistant and better able to bear the long nervous strain to which it is exposed during the attack. Many mothers think the only thing to do is to let it take its natural course, as it has a regular course of its own to run if not treated—but they are doing the child positive injury if they do not at once seek medical advice, as there are numerous methods known to physicians of cutting short an attack and relieving the distress of the little sufferers. It is well to know that the severe coughing may easily damage the lungs, that heart disease may result, that hemorrhages may ensue, all of which can most probably be avoided by careful nursing and watchfulness on the part of the mother. Anything that tends to weaken the child will make the probability of complications greater.

Sea air is desirable. If not available, then give to the child as much fresh air, in suitable weather, as can possibly be had.

During this disease it is especially im-

portant to follow suggestions given in a former article in regard to a light covering of wool over the entire body. A well-known authority upon children's diseases advises daily bathing in cool water, chest, back, and feet to be thoroughly sponged and reaction brought about by a good rubbing. He says there is a curiously close relationship between the feet and the mucous membrane of the air passages, that we all know how quickly wet feet, when exposed to draughts, will give a catarrh, and that a foot bath of cool or cold water at night will do much to lessen the liability to colds. The food for a child with whooping-cough must be thoroughly nutritious and digestible. The diet suggested in *Hygiene of the Nursery*, and similar books, should be carefully studied and followed as indicated for certain conditions. If vomiting occur directly after a meal, as it frequently does, some light, nutritious food should at once be given, as a cup of broth or milk and lime-water. If the mucus is not easily discharged, when the paroxysm comes on, assistance must be given, especially with an infant. An older child can be taught to help itself. In cases where suffocation seems imminent, a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac should be given at once to induce vomiting. Avoid patent medicines advertised for this ailment. They are sure to derange the digestion of the child and produce unfortunate after-effects, however efficacious they may seem to be at the moment.

Counter irritation applied to the chest is useful, and a physician should advise in what form it may be induced. Dr. Keating, a well-known specialist, says, that from his experience he has found the spray from an atomizer, when inhaled, a valuable aid in the treatment of this disease. He says it can be used to make the thick mucus more watery and also as a means of carrying medicaments directly to the surface. The nose and throat should receive in this way a thorough treatment five or six times a day. All this requires great patience on the part of the mother and nurse, but that is the inevitable result where children are concerned. From the beginning to the end

there seems to be no alternative but ever-increasing watchfulness and unfailing patience. Good nursing in every illness is half the battle, and the results obtained by it should be sufficiently gratifying to every mother to outweigh the care and trouble required during the natural course of a child's existence.

COZY CORNER CHAT.

BY ANNA B. QUILLIN.

"HAVEN'T I given you some ideas for 'Cozy Corner'?" asked Nannie in the pause that followed her recital of Baby's appearance in a flour sack.

I nodded and straightway resolved to "pass it along" with the following happy result:

May France, a young working-girl, was engaged to marry a poor, but worthy young man. They had absolutely nothing ahead, but after carefully considering the matter, concluded to get married. They could "keep house" on what they had to spend for board, and not only be happier, but by economy save something toward getting a home of their very own. They did not aspire to the renting of more than two rooms to begin with; and only purchased such furniture as was positively necessary, paying a certain sum each month until paid for, and trying to keep out of debt as much as possible.

But many little things were needed, and May spoke to quite a number of her friends, asking if each one would give her a flour sack if they had it to spare. They responded so liberally—some giving her three or four—that she had quite a collection.

Out of these sacks she made tea and dinner napkins, face towels, dish towels, dish-cloths, and pillow-cases.

When she cut the napkins, she measured the sizes she wanted, and then allowed an inch all around which she fringed out to make a pretty finish. For face towels she hemmed the sides and fringed the ends; and dish towels were hemmed all around, so there would be no mistaking a dish towel for a face towel.

She also made sash curtains for the

back windows; and, in fact, found so many ways of utilizing the flour sacks, they were a very prominent feature in her house-furnishing.

"But how do you get the lettering out?" you may ask. There is a great difference in it, some of it coming out easily, while some is "put in to stay." But to wash and boil the sacks in a strong suds of soft-soap or lye, and then bleach in the sun, generally gives satisfaction, though it has to be repeated.

A PRETTY LEGEND OF ROBIN RED-BREAST.

BY CLARE VIVIAN.

ONCE in a fragrant, sun-kissed garden of flowers there dwelt a maiden fair to see. And the dew of youth was in her heart, and the smile of truth was on her lips. And her soul was pure, so that she could understand the hidden language of all birds and flowers. Each day as soon as the red shafts of the growing dawn had streaked the pallor from the morning sky she would rise and pass into her garden, and at her coming each flower seemed to lift its gracious head and smile on her. At her tread the golden asphodel would unclothe its fragrant sun-kissed petals, and all the birds within the garden would sing their sweetest morning melodies.

And of these birds, the three she loved the best were a glorious golden-crested eagle, a white-winged wood-dove, and a little gentle, soft-songed red-breast.

Now one day, as this fair maiden was wandering through her garden glades, she fell to wondering what might be the legends of her best-loved birds. And pausing beneath the tall cedar tree, on which the eagle had his dwelling, she called to him saying:

"O golden-crested monarch of the mountains! tell me, I pray, what is the unwritten story of thy royal race?"

And the eagle answered:

"Ours is a deathless tale of war and victory."

For a moment the maiden looked with wondering awe upon the warrior bird, then slowly she passed onwards. And as

she went her glance fell on the white-plumed dove which rested midst the slender boughs of an acacia tree near by. A lovely bird, with eyes soft, dark, and mystical, and notes as hushed and tender as the west wind sighing amidst the dreaming lilies.

And the maiden said:

"O white-winged dove!—emblem throughout all ages of the Eternal Beautiful and Pure—tell me, I pray, what is the legend of thy stainless race!"

And the white dove made answer:

"Ours is a dream of purity, serene and shadowless."

For awhile the maiden gazed with thoughtful reverence on the white-winged dove. Then slowly she passed onwards, as though as yet unsatisfied of soul. And as she went, beside her she beheld the little red-breast. And she said:

"O little red-breast! tell me, I pray, what is the legend of thy gentle race?"

And the red-breast made answer:

"Ours is a tale of everlasting love!"

Then the maiden said, "Say on," and this was the legend that the red-breast recounted:

"Once long ago in the day when my ancestors were wholly brown of breast, there dwelt some of our kindred within a far-off Eastern land, and these birds built their nests within the dim old cedar woods which clothed the borders of an old, old city; a city older than Rome itself, whose gardens were fragrant with the pink foam of the almond tree, and with the golden blossoms of the starry cistus, and above which glowed the sapphire blue of cloudless skies.

"Yet though this city was so fair—fair with the ancient purity of form and outline, and brilliant with the grace of Eastern coloring—yet, nevertheless, men said that it was very vile, and stained with a dark corruption which had polluted it, core through, even as some dark canker-worm may befoul the loveliness of a fair white rose.

"Now one day, as one of my kindred was winging his homeward flight above the flat, flower-laden roofs of this fair city, he chanced to see a sight so strange, that all his gaze was riveted upon it,

and lighting on the bough of an adjacent almond tree he waited there awhile to watch. The space in front of one of the great white marble palaces was peopled with a vast, wild, seething multitude of men and women. The tumult of myriad voices rose up and seemed to cleave the very sky. Cries, fervid and impassioned, resounded through all the echoing air, intermingled with the loud clash of the Roman soldiers' armor, the wailing of the trampled-down women and children, and the fierce imprecations of the infuriated populace. And through the midst of this wild throng there walked a man of calm and noble aspect. Unmoved by all the clamorous outcries of the populace, He stood calm and still. No bitterness, no fear was in His face, only the unutterable sadness of an infinite pity shone in His clear eyes as He looked around Him on the restless multitudes and on the fair outlines of that goodly city, whose lofty temple dome glistened like gold beneath the bright flame of an Eastern sun.

"Presently a momentary hush came over the populace as the prisoner entered the marble palace. Then, after awhile, there came out to them one who, from his bearing, seemed to hold high office in the land. And he cried, saying:

"Will ye have Christ, or Barabbas?"

"And the multitude answered 'Barabbas.'

"Then from out of the Judgment Hall there came a man of a dark and evil aspect, whose savage eyes leered furtively yet sullenly about him, and upon whose bloated face there seemed to dwell the infamy of years of foulest passions, of brutal deeds, of greed, of cruelty, and lust.

"Amazed and saddened by their choice, and terrified by the fierce clamor, my kinsman flew back to his woodland home, but ever haunted by the sad yet tender vision of the thorn-crowned captive, he soon flew once again into the city.

"Hither and thither he flew about the streets, but nowhere could he find the one he sought until at length, wearied by his long search, he was about to fly homeward, when, just outside the city walls, he saw three crosses raised high in

the air. And on the central one he beheld the form of Him he sought.

"A crown of thorns was on His brow, and the pangs of a supreme agony was upon Him; but nevertheless the look of infinite forgiveness was still upon His face. Timidly the little bird drew nearer.

"He was very simple and untaught, yet, nevertheless, dimly he understood that he was in the presence of a sight more marvellous than aught the world had ever seen.

"Could this man be, indeed, as some had mocking said, the Son of God? He could not tell. Tremblingly, and with anxious wonder, he fluttered still doubting, until at length across the silence broke these words:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Then a great, great light broke in upon his heart. He knew it was the Son of God!

"Nearer and nearer he drew, no longer knowing any fear of Him who in His agony could yet forgive. And as he nearer drew within the crown of thorns he saw one cruel thorn which seemed to press more sharply than the rest. He was but a small, weakly bird, but for love's sake he could be strong, and braving now even the cruel crowd, he flew straight to the cross, and with his beak he tore away the sharpest thorn.

"And as he did so, upon his soft, brown breast there fell a drop of blood!

"And ever since that day, upon each Christ-bird's breast, there is a crimson stain like to a stain of blood."

And when the red-breast had ended his story, a hushed silence fell upon all, and none of the birds or flowers spoke any more.

Then slowly and musingly the maiden moved toward her dwelling, and the little red-breast nestled into her bosom; and silently upon his crimson heart there fell a tear!

GIVE EAR.

BY DOROTHY HUNT.

NOW that the days of summer are once more here, and we all want to wear some of the pretty muslins and other wash goods that charm us with

their dainty colors and designs, it may be that a hint or two about restoring them to beauty when ready for washing may be useful to some one.

Any color may be set so that future washings will not fade it, if it is first allowed to stand an hour or so in warm water in which has been dissolved an ounce of sugar of lead to twelve quarts of water.

As the sugar of lead is a poison, care must be taken in using it that children do not get hold of it.

The minister's wife told me that she

kept her girls' dresses of blue cheese-cloth—or Egyptian tamis cloth, as it is now called—as nice as when new by putting a teacupful of vinegar in the water when she washed them.

Black muslins and calicoes are kept bright by scalding in soapsuds.

And for all delicate wash goods that need a slight stiffness but will not bear starch, a tablespoonful of gum arabic dissolved in warm water and put into water enough to dip the dresses well, will restore their bright newness without the thick gray look given by starch.

EVENING WITH THE POETS.

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as wishing.
A very choice diversion too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel
As only gold can break it.

I wish that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer,
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching!

I wish that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence was free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that Joy and Mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless,
With His supremest blessing,
And Hope be lost in Happiness,
And Wishing in Possessing!

THE GOOD MAN.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

* * * * *

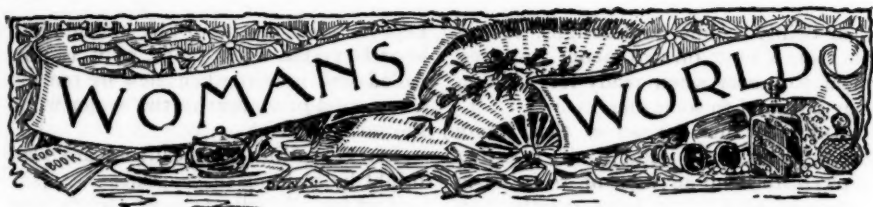
This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An Angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We desire to call the attention of our subscribers to the *clear* notice regarding the ordering of dress patterns published in our Fashion supplement. We have been much annoyed by people writing to us instead of to McCall & Co. for patterns, and are obliged to inform you that if you wish patterns you *must send to them*, as we are too busy to attend to such orders. Also, we supply no *patterns* except McCall & Co.'s.—Ed. W. W.

FASHION NOTES.

MATERIALS FOR SEASIDE GOWNS—STYLES OF MAKING—COLORS—COTTON GOWNS.

COSTUMES for the seaside are allowed to be of wonderful colors, materials, and combinations, whether for carriage or home wear, as well as for the morning gatherings at the casinos that now distinguish such places of abode. But few cotton gowns are worn, as it is too cool, though organdies appear in the evening, and the tailor gowns of cotton Bedford cord are stylish for morning wear.

An odd-looking satine of porcelain blue has cashmere-colored scrolls and forms a "bell" skirt, ruffles of No. 9 black satin ribbon closely overlapping each other, pointed front and coat back to the basque, with plastron, collar, and cuffs of *écru* Point d'Irlande. Three straps of the ribbon from the side seams near the arm-holes are brought to the point of the basque and end under the rosette.

A serge gown is of blue for a Russian blouse, "bell" skirt and sleeve caps, with a pointed yoke, collar, close undersleeves, belt and skirt border of white serge, edged with an embroidery of yellow and pale blue. Glacé woolens are made up with huge sleeves, Direc-

toire girdle and facing on the left side to simulate a skirt of velvet. The skirt is lifted over the facing with two large velvet rosettes.

White China silk having floral stripes and black hair-lines has the black ribbon ruffles on the "bell" skirt, a round waist, and large sleeves. Deep cuffs and a bib plastron or collarette, back and front, of white guipure lace held by black ribbon rosettes on either side. If of a slender figure there is an Empire sash of black ribbon.

Fig. 1 shows the front of an Eton suit, comprising a "bell" skirt, jacket fronts, girdle, and loose, draped vest. Suitable for serge, tweed, cheviot, etc.

COTTON GOWNS.

A French gown of pale blue batiste sprinkled with green leaves and light pink flowerets has a "bell" skirt over satine and three rows of Point d'Irlande lace "set in" above the hem. Sleeves in a balloon puff to the elbows, with close-fitting lace cuffs below; round waist having only shoulder and side seams, and a deep round yoke of lace reaching below the bust. Belt and bow of blue satin ribbon.

Other dressy gowns of striped or figured cotton goods have a "bell" skirt, Russian waist, lace yoke, and cuff and a belt of gilt and silver plaques and chains.

An afternoon frock of white nainsook for a young lady has a linen collar and cuffs scalloped with red embroidery cotton. The top is tucked like a yoke and the sleeves are the full shirt shape; the skirt is bell-shaped, with a few gathers in front and a plaited ruffle. A red ribbon belt and pearl buckle is worn.

The crêpe cords in cotton have a

jacket front, deep coat-tail back, "bell" skirt, full sleeves, and a loose blouse vest of white nainsook or a close-fitting one of white cording.



Fig. 1.

Black moire ribbon dotted with bows, Nos. 7 or 9, trims the edge of the skirt, collar, and wrists as a border.

The jaunty jacket suits of Bedford cord embrace both the blazer and Eton jackets, and have the familiar "bell" skirt and a separate waist or vest front of plain or striped wash silk.

Fig. 2 shows the back of Fig. 1 with collar of contrasting material. Many of these suits are made entirely separate from a silk or cambric shirt waist.

Black satin ribbon belts of No. 16 ribbon, pointed girdles or corselets, the latter wider on the left side, of six-inch rib-

bon and Directoire belts of five-inch ribbon are all stylish on cotton dresses. Girdles, rolling collars, and deep cuffs of open Swiss embroidery are worn on pretty cotton designs when the Point de Genes laces are not liked.

Quite plain gingham dresses have a waist in four tucks with insertion between in front and plaits only in the back. Full sleeves having cuffs of embroidery and a turn-over collar edged to match. "Bell" skirt gathered in place of fitting it with darts and a round belt of gingham or insertion.



Fig. 2.

THE MATERIALS.

Crêpons, serges, printed, glacé, and figured silks, cheviots, challies, and such

dresses are fashionable and enduring gowns for summer wear at a seaside resort, where the cotton toilette soon becomes a dream of the past. Fluttering ribbons, laces, and passementeries trim these dainty gowns of many hues.

A red China silk having black scrolls has a "bell" skirt with five ruffles of No. 9 black satin ribbon on the skirt overlapping each other. The basque has a coat back and round front, with a round yoke and deep cuffs of cream colored Irish guipure lace. The ribbon is placed across the chest and front of the waist line, ending on one side with a fly bow.

Every seaside girl needs at least one white toilette, and some have three, as an evening dress of white crêpe, with white suède gloves and slippers. A calling costume of crêpon with trimming of moiré, white canyas ties, white suède gloves and a Leghorn hat, with crêpon or chiffon parasol; or a serge worn with a wash-silk blouse vest and made as an Eton suit, with canvas ties, suède-finished lisle-thread gloves, and a sailor hat. Such a suit is finished by a large white sunshade.

Striped taffeta, showing green and tan, forms a "bell" skirt and corselet waist, with yoke and cuffs of écu guipure and skirt border of No. 9 satin ribbon arranged in tiny ruffles that lap each other.

A dressy French challie has a bib collar of Irish guipure gathered around the lower edge of the high collar caught at the neck, three inches lower, and at the bottom, back and front, with fly bows of No. 5 ribbon. The full sleeves have deep cuffs of lace, and the "bell" skirt is trimmed with a row of No. 16 ribbon, dotted at intervals with the fly bows.

Nun's veiling in silk stripes forms a "bell" skirt and full sleeves; skirt border of three ruffles placed to lap, as they do nowadays. Blouse vest of crêpe and a jacket waist of striped silk with a belt of ribbon across the back passed through the side seams and buckled in front. The two-toned or contrasting stripes of the silk and woolen goods should harmonize.

BOYS' SUITS.

The popularity of the man-o'-war or sailor suits cannot be overrated, as every store is fast selling out their stock. Those of white or pale blue serge are worn at all seasons for dress, while the darker ones of navy serge are for summer days.

Long trousers and short are seen with such suits, and separate shields or V-shaped pieces and collars of white or red linen where all blue is thought too



Fig. 3.

somber. The suits are usually finished with black braid in three narrow or one wide row. Embroidered anchors and such "fixins" may be had by expending a trifle more on the garment.

Gray and tan Bedford cord suits are exceedingly natty in appearance. The jersey blouses only come with knee trousers nowadays. Very neat jacket suits for boys of three to five years have a kilt skirt or mottled or striped cheviot

and a jacket of blue Berlin twill braided with black soutache; blouse of lawn or nainsook.

The first trousers worn are often accompanied by a sailor blouse trimmed with black braiding, and a tie of ribbon holds the ends of the pointed collar under a matching or contrasting shield. The trousers have three buttons of horn or gilt at the outside seam.

Such suits are not only of navy, white and light blue serge, but of cotton goods like heavy twills and cheviots. The ornamented parts are the sleeves, collar, where red, blue or white anchors, single or crossed, are embroidered.

Fig. 3 would make a comfortable and appropriate suit for a boy of six to ten years. It consists of knee trousers and a Russian blouse of flannel, opened on the left side, and trimmed with the Russian embroidery in cotton. Tam o' Shanter cap to match the suit.

MIDSUMMER FANCIES.

LACE AND OPEN STRAW MODELS—WHITE HATS AND DRESS BONNETS.

There is a large black fancy straw hat, underlined with black tulle and trimmed in front with a large full bow of yellow gauze ribbon, fastened in the centre with a jet buckle. The brim at the back is very slightly turned up, and two black velvet rosettes are sewn on under the brim.

A large soft black lace hat has a large bow of white gauze ribbon with a Rhinestone buckle and a cluster of white chrysanthemums at the back.

A very large red fancy straw has a large bow of white velvet ribbon in front. A fine wreath of red poppy buds goes around the crown, and a cluster of large red poppies is tied in with a white velvet bow on the upturned brim at the back. All three of these bows are made in the same way, four or five loops on each side of the tie-over, the middle loops about five inches high, standing up, the rest a little shorter and falling on the crown and brim. It is a good plan to wire all the loops.

The gauze ribbon looks well wired with fine gold or silver wire, buttonholed on

to the edge of the ribbon. Also all stand-up ends should be thus wired.

A large black wire brim has tulle lightly puffed over. A wide lace is fulled over the tulle to droop two inches beyond the edge of the brim. The crown is formed of wide sky-blue watered ribbon, folded over, and the lace fulled over the ribbon; this stands up around the headsize and is finished off a little to the left of the front by a large bow of the ribbon, four loops and two ends lying backwards and forwards, and two lovely Prince of Wales tips, black, rising out of the bow of the tie-knot.

A pretty hat is the "Mushroom." It is a perfectly round shape, about 36 inches in circumference, and going to a little point for the crown. The edge of the brim is bent into waves. It can be made of any fancy straw, but the soft thick Japanese braid is the right thing. A bow of No. 12 black velvet ribbon, composed of eight loops of about five inches long, is sewn on the top of the crown; two are standing upright, the others are laid down all around the hat. From under the bow sprays of wistaria droop all over the hat to the edge of the brim. A black velvet band underneath makes the headsize.

WHITE DESIGNS.

A large white chip hat is trimmed with silk mull, formed into a lovely full fluffy bow in front; the tie knot a little to the left, and out of this rises one lovely Prince of Wales tip. At the back the brim is slightly turned up with a black velvet bow, while another is almost under the brim and resting on the hair; both bows have Rhinestone buckles in the tie-over.

A sweet little dress bonnet is of pink heath, green straw, and green velvet. The frame is just a round piece of net about the size of a pie-plate. Lay four tiny plaits in the outer edge, then wire round. Cut a round hole, three inches in diameter, in the middle, but leave about double the depth of brim in front as at the back. Wire this around. Now sew fancy straw into a little crown to fit this tiny headsize, it looks like the crown of a doll's sailor hat.

Sew this on your frame. Now cover the brim with several thicknesses of green tulle. Over this sew your sprigs of heath (or other very fine flowers); the flowers going a little over the edge of the brim. In front let some of the sprigs stand out so as to give a full effect, and against the crown place two little wings to give height. If the wings are objected to, two loops of ribbon velvet standing up will look well. On the back, a little to the left, is a small rosette of green moiré ribbon, and the velvet ties come from inside the bonnet. This bonnet looks lovely made of mignonette.

A brim and crown top of cream-colored "string" straw seems to be bound with fancy black. This is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and scarlet roses which shade down to a deep pink.

Fig. 4 illustrates a hat suitable for dressy or plain wear, depending entirely upon the materials, as the shape is universally becoming and appropriate for all occasions. The subject of illustration is



Fig. 4.

made of white chip, with a band of gold and silver embroidery around the low crown; at the back a bunch of white aigrettes and short ostrich tips, with a

large bow of white bengaline on the left. This was intended for a bridesmaid's hat; hence this style of trimming.

Fig. 5 shows a rustic garden hat of



Fig. 5.

coarse straw in a light shade of tan, which is bent in a very fantastic manner, and trimmed as illustrated, with sprays of small flowers having long rubber stems.

TRIMMED MODELS.

Wood-brown straws are very handsomely trimmed with a cluster of large yellow and pink clovers on one side, with a torsade of green velvet around the conical crown.

An odd-looking black hat is trimmed with a twist of orange-colored ribbon around the low crown and a high bow in the back, with hanging sprays of lilac falling over the hair.

Verystylish black chip hats are trimmed with a small wreath of Neapolitan violets, a lace fan and jet ornaments on the side, and a few ribbon loops at the back, from which fall long streamers.

A most picturesque hat is a cream Tuscan straw, around the crown of which is a twist of black velvet. The wide brim is covered with black guipure lace, raised in front to form a peak by a tuft of pink

roses placed inside. At the side of this hat are a couple of yellow roses, and two more at the back fall below an upright bunch of Princess of Wales tips.

A stylish Point de Genes hat has a full brim of the lace, with silk wires run in and out to hold it in place. Around the tall crown is a twist of No. 16 leaf-green moiré ribbon, which falls in the back below the waist. High on the left side are arranged several loops of the ribbon, falling from which, both back and front, are yellowish-white morning-glories with a quantity of green foliage.

A very pretty white lace hat has a large brim, as usual, of the lace, with the Tam o' Shanter crown of soft, tan-colored straw plaited in the brim. A small wreath of pink velvet forget-me-nots encircles the crown. In front are a few loops of tan ribbon, with twists from the top of the crown, a knot at the back, and long ends.

The soft straw crowns are capable of a very stylish trimming. One has a cream ribbon twist around the crown, which passes through slits at the back of the brim to form a large bow resting upon the hair. In front is a double fan of lace, with sprays of mauvé and white lilac.

A brim of black net, shirred upon wires, is edged with jet beads and has a mortar-board crown edged with jet beads. Around the crown is a small wreath of forget-me-nots, with a high bow of black moiré ribbon on the left side supporting a spray of pale pink roses and blue forget-me-nots.

A most stylish toque is of écru Point de Genes, with leaf-green velvet ribbon and plush roses.

A jet bonnet has a crown composed entirely of close-set loops of pale green "baby" velvet ribbon.

For an elderly matron there is a bonnet of pale wood brown net, with a cluster of yellowish white roses and brown velvet strings. The net is worked all over with cream-silk dots.

A yellow Tuscan straw is very stylishly trimmed with large yellow daisies, yellow silk lace, and black velvet ribbon.

A great many of the newly trimmed hats show the trimming far back on the left side, or, when lace is used, the trimming is in the centre of the left, with lace fans pointing forward, erect loops, and flowers falling over the crown if it is low, or toward the back if the crown is high.

Two small black feathers are used a good deal, in spite of the handsome flowers. They are placed back to back, the tips curling in a different way, and are called Rosa-Josepha, after the famous twins so long exhibited in Paris.

Fig. 6 illustrates an "Empire" bon-



Fig. 6.

net of Leghorn, chip or fancy straw bent fantastically to become the wearer. Inside of the brim a small half-wreath of flowers rests upon the hair, with a second wreath around the crown mingling with erect sprays and loops of velvet ribbon, the latter corresponding with the ties.

ODDS AND ENDS IN HOME DECORATION.

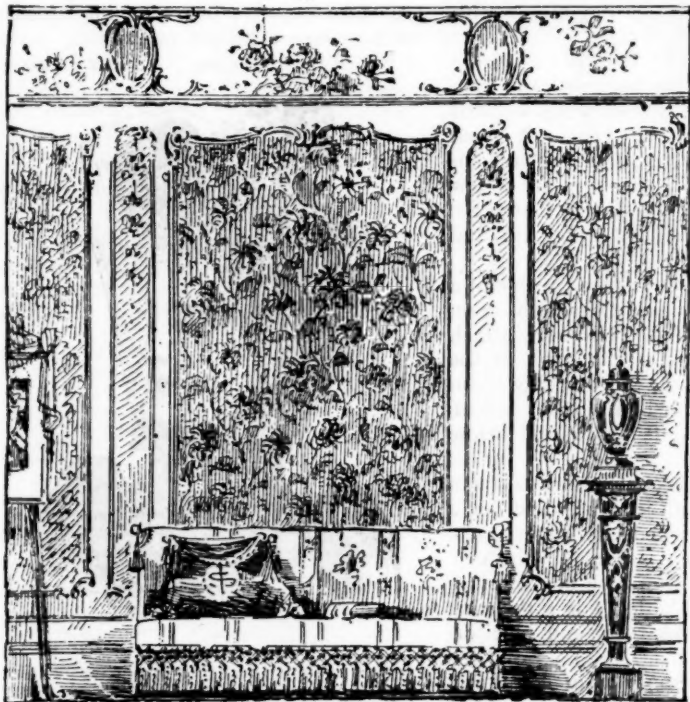
THE paneling of walls is one of the decorative fashions of the hour, and thanks to the great number of different materials in which ready-made relief is constructed, the outlining of the panels

can be effected by the merest amateur in short order. Louis XV or Louis XVI scroll work can be obtained in Lincrusta Walton, Anaglypta, Lignistra, Carton Pierre, or in hand-modeled plastic material. The panels may be filled with old rose, pale rose, pale green, or golden yellow damask, or the boldly-designed floral paper, such as the American manufacturers are turning out every year. Should the choice of materials be of an

The sketch of a staircase wall decoration consists of the wall-paper pattern known as the "Simla" design, and the dado is a flock, which is painted in ivory to match the ivory color in the wall design above it. The dado when thus painted gives the idea of carving, and has a very fresh, light-looking effect. The same combination can be carried out either in Lincrusta or Anaglypta, with designs very much resembling those

herewith presented.

Gourd decoration is one of the fashionable fads of the season. The designs are traced with pen and ink, done in the poker work, or washed in with water colors. A fanciful design, indicating the use for which the ground is intended, is appropriate, for instance, a receptacle for sweetmeats is ornamented with a huge gad-fly holding a large spoon with which he is supposed to be



A Paneled Drawing-room, by Charlotte Robinson.

old rose color, the molding and stile should be painted two shades of ivory, and the ground-work of both frieze and smaller panel should be delicate pink, and this would form a ground for any painting that is to be introduced. If paper is used a conventional floral design would be appropriate for the frieze, but if the damask is employed there may be a series of different flowers in the natural tones both in the panels and in groups between the ornament and the frieze.

stirring boiling sugar in a sauce-pan. A swarm of flies, scenting the sweet odor, are hovering about. A water bottle has an appropriate idea of sea-weeds and feathery ferns. Japanese designs are also used. A sketchy design of Rebecca at the Well is pretty for a water bottle or drinking cup. This should first be traced on the surface with a pen and India ink, filled in with oil colors and covered with a coat of French varnish. Another way of preparing them is to oil the surface

well, then scratch the design, after which rub the whole over with lamp black and oil, which sinks into the engraved lines and shows them off.

Here is a cabinet that is designed to take the place of the sideboard or dinner wagon, without being so ugly, expensive, and cumbrous as either. A pair of such cabinets placed in each side of the recess which adjoins the modern fireplace will give a most cheering and effective air to the dining-room. The look of a home depends greatly on the quality and style of its cabinets, and two such cabinets as the one here illustrated would be equally useful in a dining-room that is at the same time otherwise used as a parlor. There are three shelves surmounting the top cupboard, below which is an empty space where books or trays can be placed, the whole having a very decorative effect. China or artistic earthen ware can be placed on the shelves as shown. The cupboard has brass hinges and a good lock, and will hold wine, dessert, dinner napkins and trifles of various kinds, and will answer every purpose of a sideboard. Two such cabinets will give a very effective appearance to an apartment, and no one will enter the room in which they are situated without noticing them and possibly asking where they can be procured.

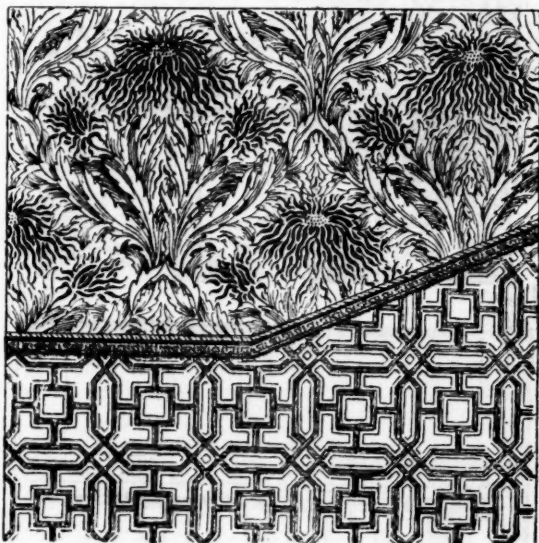
A novel washstand back deserves mention. It is fitted with three or five panels for opal plaques, or for paintings in imitation of tiles. Above these is a long narrow shelf with a curtain in front of it, which runs with rings on a slender rod, and affords a snug hiding place for pots of tooth powder, bottles of lotion, and other unconsidered trifles, which never look too tidy when left about on a washstand. Above this again is a shelf for vases or suitable ornaments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JESS. S.—The dress you desire is not suitable for a young girl, white is much better in every way.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Get a round hat with small "pill-box" crown, and trim with the wired feathers stood upright *à la* Mephistopheles. Round the crown a wreath of leafless roses of the crushed type, and over them let partially fall a curtain or frill of soft lace. I will send you a sketch if you do not quite catch the idea.

MOLLIE.—Wear white canvas ties and



Staircase Wall Decoration, by Charlotte Robinson.

white suède gloves with your white serge.

TELL OR QELL.—Your *nom de plume* is somewhat of a puzzle. I hope you will recognize this reply. Hinde's curlers are perfectly harmless, and damping the hair will do no harm. I should try the quinine tonic given frequently.

NINA.—A black silk sunshade, trimmed or nearly covered with lace, would be useful with all the gowns, keeping your *en tout cas* for morning wear. If this one of the long handles, you can easily get that shortened, and the same top re-

placed. Any local man who mends parasols will do this.

JESSIE KEITH.—If only in complimentary or general mourning, satin may be worn; but not with crape. Make up

white drill, with pearl or jet buttons. If you do not look your size a blouse could be worn; but the loose bag type would be most becoming for tennis and morning wear. Either gray tweed or cloth could be made in strict tailor style, and white serge or flannel is usually made with a jacket and skirt to correspond, and blouse of different material.

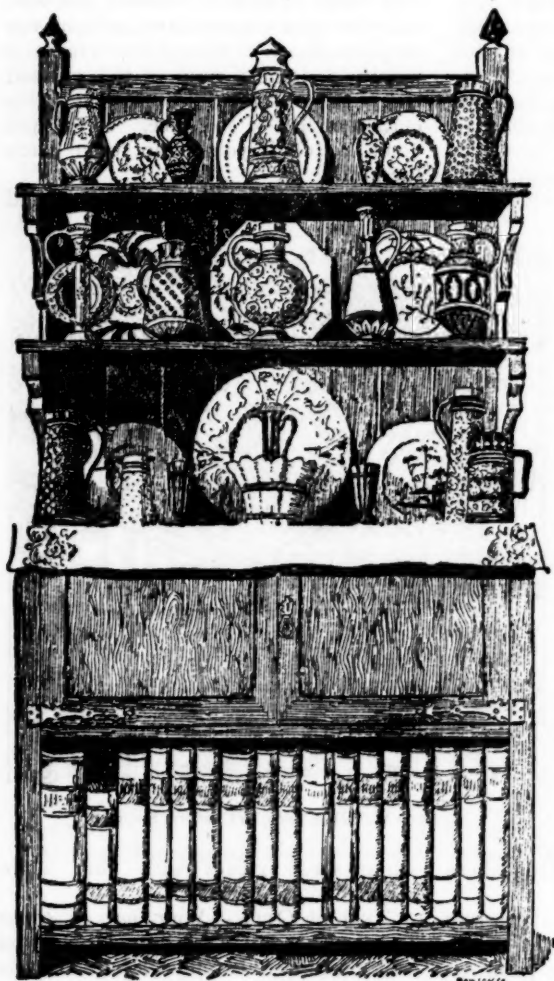
DEAR EDITOR.—You have twice received my calls so kindly, that I venture in once more.

This time I want to tell your readers about some lovely rugs I have lately seen.

They were made of nicely tanned sheep-pelts dyed with Diamond dye. The young lady who made them kindly gave me the directions. A plain, crimson rug was made from a very large pelt. It was first cut into the desired shape, then washed clean and carded out. It was dyed while damp. Loops were sewed to each of the corners to hold it by. Two packages of crimson dye were dissolved and added to a very large dish-pan half full of boiling water. Two persons then took hold of the loops and slowly passed the rug back and forth through the boiling dye. This was continued until the desired color was obtained. It was then rinsed, and, when dry, was carded so as to be very fluffy. Another rug had a yellow centre and a six-inch border of orange color. Still

another had a yellow centre and a seal-brown border.

The prettiest one of all to my notion was made of six-inch squares of pink and olive green with a six-inch pink border. The pink was dyed with eosine, and the



A Dining-room Cabinet.

with ruches and jet edgings, and have a lace parasol, and fancy chip or straw hat trimmed ribbon and jet daggers. Your black serge could be in coat style with a silk vest and onyx buttons. If made removable, you could have one vest of

green with light blue and yellow dye mixed.

Another one was pieced in a long star of yellow with a seal-brown background. The lady said they could be pieced in any desired style. She sewed them together over and over. Not a scrap of wool did she waste. Small squares were made into lamp and vase mats by dyeing them, and then combing them out each way from the centre. The tiny strips were dyed and sewed around wooden handles to form dust brushes. The handles were either boiled up in dyes, painted, or gilded.

They are good for dusting, as they gather up the dust instead of scattering it as feather brushes do. Being soft they will not scratch the furniture. The lady in question made all her spending money by making these articles for sale. Her father owns a large flock of sheep and gives her the pelts of all the sheep he kills for food.

Each number of your Magazine grows better and better. It is the *ideal* Home Magazine.

It is with impatience that I await the arrival of the October souvenir number.

JEAN HUNT.

ROSE LEAVES.

BY M. F. HARMAN.

WITH all the other revivals comes that of drying rose leaves for pot-pourri, preserves, etc. In the old times no linen drawer was considered properly furnished without its scent bags of rose leaves and dried lavender, and the preparation of the leaves was always a part of the regular summer work.

A pot-pourri, if rightly made, will last for years, and an occasional uncovering of the jar will fill a room with a delicate odor, which will linger there for hours.

The rose bushes should be visited every day after the sun has dried up the dew, and those which are ready to drop to pieces shaken into a basket. They may then be spread upon a sheet to dry, and if tossed up lightly several times the moisture will soon disappear. Arrange them in layers, in a covered bowl, with a sprinkling of fine salt between each layer,

using a proportion of three handfuls of leaves to a small one of salt. Fresh leaves and salt may be added to this for several mornings, and then the whole should stand about ten days, with a thorough stirring up once or twice a day during the interval.

Transfer this stock to a glass fruit-jar, mixing with it two ounces of allspice coarsely ground, and the same of stick cinnamon, broken up. Let it stand two or three weeks closely covered. Now mix with it one ounce of allspice, two ounces of dried lavender flowers, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one nutmeg coarsely grated, two ounces of orris root, bruised and shredded, and a few grains of musk, if that of fine quality is obtainable. A few drops of oil of rose, geranium or violet, may be added at any time, and a little orange-flower water also serves to make it sweeter. Now put it in the permanent jar, which should be one with double covers, and every day of the year, if the covers are removed for a few minutes, a delicate fragrance will be given out which will be found refreshing and agreeable. Rose jars in Oriental shapes may now be bought for a reasonable sum, and the sizes vary from those holding a pint to the huge ones which stand two or three feet in height. Those in the coarser kinds of Imari ware are probably the least expensive, and in Kaja and Owari they are also within the means of almost every one. Small bags made of silk and filled with rose leaves are much used for sachets, and a rose pillow is a pleasant possession if one has a rose garden which will furnish enough leaves for the purpose.

A tincture of roses is made by filling a wide-mouthed bottle with the leaves and pouring over them pure spirits of wine, as much as the bottle will hold. Cork and allow it to stand several weeks before using.

A scent-sachet for the linen drawer may be made by mixing coriander seed, orris root, lavender flowers, rose leaves, and sweet flag, of each one ounce, with one drachm of allspice and the same of mace. Another consists of a mixture of lavender flowers, half a pound.—*Decorator and Furnisher.*



THE ELEVATION OF WOMAN.

Mr. Dorr's article on the Woman's Department of the Exposition this month is one of peculiar interest, not only to the sixty-five million inhabitants of our own country, but it is a matter of deep and abiding interest to the whole civilized world. It should be a subject of pride to every American citizen that under the peculiar form of our national government, and the unique freedom which our civil institutions give to each individual member of the body-politic, *woman* has attained to the highest pinnacle of her great mission—viz., to stand as the *equal* of man—his *partner* and his *help-mate*.

And to this exalted position she has come—not by chance—not by the singular privileges of one form of religion above another—but by that inherent law of nature which is ever progressive, ever unfolding new forms of power, developing the undeveloped, perfecting the imperfect, making every man and woman more conscious of the real power and possibilities of life.

And in this process of development no factor has been more potent for grand results than that silent unseen force which every daughter of Eve possesses—in a greater or lesser degree—implanted in her heart by the hand of God.

It has been claimed by many eminent authorities in the Church, that Christianity has been the great *emancipator of woman*. Do these men forget that woman has a history older than Christianity? And every page of that history shows that, however degraded woman may have been in the ages past, the *men* of her time have been *more* degraded. Woman has ever been man's *moral* equal, his spiritual superior. Sacred history has its Miriam, Deborah, Ruth, Hannah, Esther. The

Grecian women pointed to Penelope as a model of purity, fidelity, and industry. Ancient Rome had her Vestal Virgins, her Cornelia, Lucretia, Arria, Servilia, and a score of other noble daughters, whose devotion to right and truth has never been excelled. And all these before the rise of the Christian era.

Dogmatic theology has for centuries held women responsible for Original Sin and the primal cause of Man's Fall—as the weakest and easiest victim of Satan's influence.

And so the Church has condemned her to "silence," to "subjection," forbidding her "to teach" or "to usurp authority." And yet in spite of all the unchivalrous treatment to which woman has been subjected through ignorance and bigotry, she has risen grandly above it and by sheer power and tact has taken her place proudly by the side of her noble lord and erstwhile master. And there she is destined to hold her place till the end of time—the companion of man—nourishing him in childhood, charming him in youth, sharing his labors in manhood, comforting his old age, cheering his last hours.

Let no one think that we intend in the smallest degree to reflect on the great, grand, and glorious influence of Christianity in the elevation of mankind.

Christianity has elevated the world a thousand times more than any other influence, but—we say it in sorrow—it has not done what it should have done for woman.

This is rapidly changing now and woman is being given her true position in the world by the Church.

She has proved herself the equal of man in every respect, as she is and of a right ought to be.

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The Scarlet Letter, Nathaniel Hawthorne's most celebrated story, and one of the most famous in American literature, up to a few weeks ago cost, in cheapest cloth binding, \$1, or, in paper, 50 cents. We have just published a very neat and thoroughly well made cloth-bound edition in scarlet and white which we sell for 25 cents, plus 5 cents for postage, if by mail. Arthur Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

THE ARTHUR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

NEW BOOKS.

THE hero in Kipling and Balestier's *Naulahka* is a believer in what he calls the "venerable ramshackle tumble-down institution of matrimony" to a delightfully fictitious extent. He is moreover as impudent, diplomatic, and big hearted a fellow as can be met with from Colorado to India. India? of course; didn't we say Kipling? Hobby? well, perhaps, but all honor to the cleverness that can depict it again and again, and yet in such guise that we are not surfeited. It might not be much to say "the hills lying along the horizon under the light of the sunset turn to heaps of ruby and amethyst, while between them the mists in the valleys are opal," it is a pretty enough description, but we might weary, it's the life in the book we respond to, the romance tugging at our heart strings, the search for the Naulahka taking hold on our imagination, and above all, and through all, that audacious slangy Tarvin that we like passing well, and—speak it low—especially in those moments of vexation and loneliness when his d—n comes back to him from domes sounding "foreign and inexpressive." Tarvin is at his best, too, when he is giving voice to his simple straightforward never-at-a-loss-ies, the end justifies the means he thinks, he does it for his beloved Topaz, the town of his hopes, schemes, affections. If Topaz can be made the pride of the West by lying, then Tarvin will lie with a will and a skill, and it's the skill that tickles us, he is said to our shame.

Kate, the heroine, is a true specimen of a good woman, and a man might do worse than go dodging around the world after her. Simultaneous with Macmillan's publication of the book here, German and French translations appeared, whereat the author's friends shake heads with—I-told-you-so, but for our own poor part we would like to have seen the arrival at Topaz, and been present at the interview between Tarvin and the wife of the President of the three C's.

A Fellow and His Wife, by Blanche W. Howard and William Sharpe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This story is a complete disappointment. The story itself is poor, and the Countess a remarkably disagreeable young woman. The Count, although he surprises us by talking of "hard lines," is a decided improvement on his erratic wife, and has our sincere sympathy for his domestic trials.

Not on Calvary. C. T. Dillingham & Co., New York. "The boldness of the position which the writer of this little book takes at the outset leads the reader to expect conclusions widely at variance with these which the popular christology teaches. But as one lays down the book, its deep reverence for the Christ sacrifice, its full acceptance of the divinity of the Master, its plea for a higher conception of the Father's love, all leave the conviction that this is the most orthodox heterodoxy that has issued from the press for a long time, and it cannot fail to command attention."

LITERARY NOTES.

In the picturesque and graphic manner which distinguishes his work, Professor A. J. Church has drawn a series of vivid pictures of the lives and times of the Roman emperors, in a volume entitled *Pictures from Roman Life and Story*, now in press. He brings up before the reader Horace, Maecenas and Seneca, and other contemporaries of the doomed line of Caesars, as well as the triumphs and tragedies and frantic excesses of the emperors themselves. He is never didactic, but always readable, and his book is an admirable example of history presented intelligently and judiciously in popular form.

Readers of Maria Louise Pool's charming story, *Roweny in Boston*, will be pleased to learn that Harper & Brothers

have ready for immediate publication a new work by the same author, entitled *Mrs. Keats Bradford*, in which the same characters whose company was so enjoyable in the earlier volume reappear.

Will Carleton's latest poems, under the collective title of *City Festivals*, published by Harper & Brothers, is a volume handsomely illustrated and uniform in style with Mr. Carleton's earlier works.

Book News for July was rich in illustrations from new books, and presents life-like portraits of Colonel Alexander McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, and of Richard Harding Davis, the young Philadelphian, whose stories of life in American cities have made him famous. Colonel McClure's book on *Lincoln and Men of War Times* is reviewed at length, and an article on Professor Smyth's "Philadelphia Magazines" also has in it much of interest. Mr. Dole's letter tells the publishing news from Boston, and Mr. Williams' article gives his usual discriminating views on picked books of the month.

More appropriately adorned outside, and as full of reviews, illustrations, and literary tid-bits, foreign and domestic, between covers, comes the *Book Buyer*. The title-page—given up to Tudor Jenks' comments on Mr. R. B. Birch's artistic and literary scope, and a few well chosen remarks relating to the artist's personality.

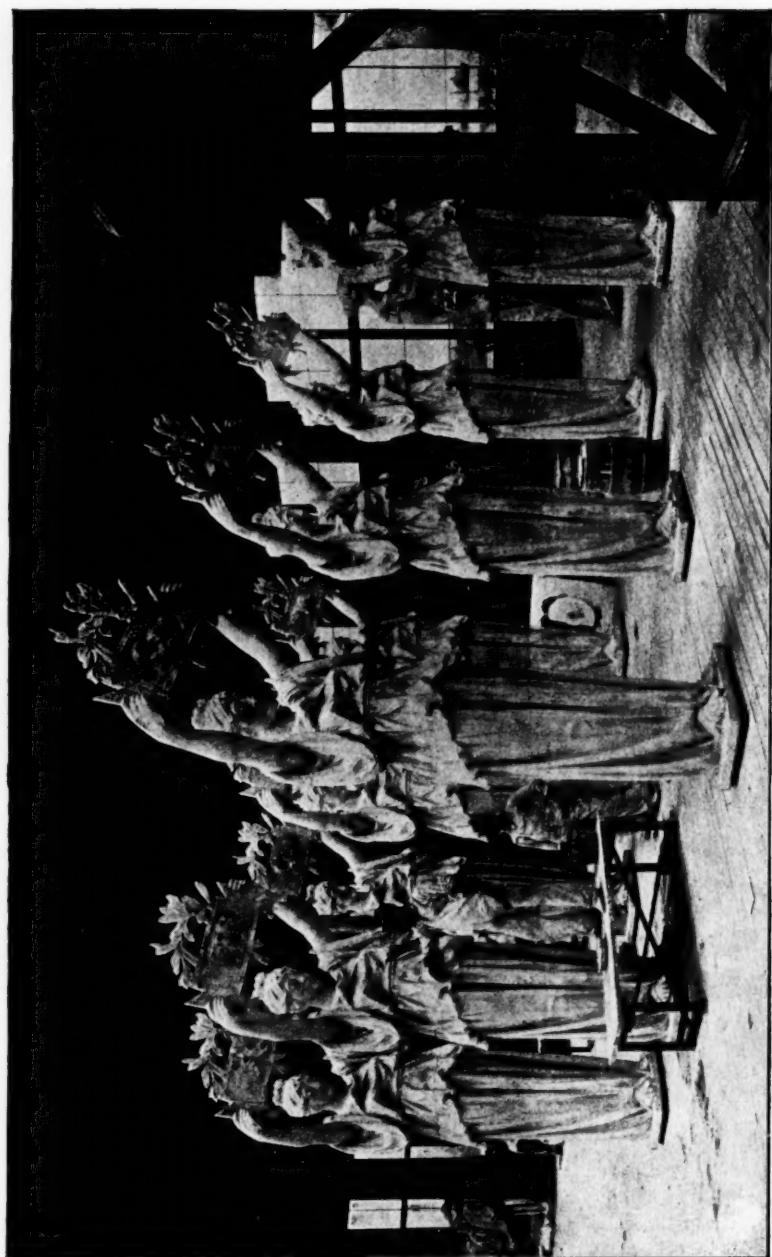
Clear-cut engravings of the Old Ferry at Point Burnside, the Quack Doctor, etc., taken from *The Blue Grass Region*; and one from *Three Normandy Inns*, and Mr. Stevenson's *The Wrecker*, are especially pleasing, and the critical tone and gossip throughout is in touch with the times.

Appleton's Summer Series for 1892 will open with *A Little Norsk*, or *Ol' Pap's Flaxen*, by Hamlin Garland, author of *Main Traveled Roads*, etc., whose rapid recognition and advance in the last three years have been a striking feature of contemporary literary effort. In England, Mr. Garland has taken rank as a genuinely American writer of exceptional power. In this country, his pictures of the life of the prairies have been termed as truthful in their way as Bret Harte's studies of Sierra mining camps, Cable's pictures of the Creoles, Johnston's studies of old Georgia, or Janvier's pictures of the mingling of Latin and Anglo-Saxon races in our Southwest and Mexico. *A Little Norsk* will be found to be a singularly vivid and sympathetic study of prairie life in the Northwest.

The August Century will contain an illustrated article on "An Ascent of Fuji the Peerless." Japan's great sacred mountain is called variously Fuji-no-yama, Fuji-san, Fujiyama, Fusi-yama, and Fuji plain and simple, but the first two are considered the proper spellings.

A Great Story.—*The Scarlet Letter*, Nathaniel Hawthorne's most celebrated story, and one of the most famous in American literature, up to a few weeks ago cost, in cheapest cloth binding, \$1, or, in paper, 50 cents. We have just published a very neat and thoroughly well-made cloth-bound edition in scarlet and white which we sell for 25 cents, plus 5 cents for postage, if by mail. Arthur Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Farmington College, West Farmington, Ohio. 62 years. Both sexes. Expenses very low. Four College Courses. Seven Departments. The Normal a specialty. Inducements to agents to secure students. Address Rev. E. B. Webster, A. M., President. *Arthur's New Home Magazine*, of Philadelphia, offers to pay board, tuition, and all necessary expenses in the above college one year, to the Boy or Girl who secures the largest club this year. One year's tuition (not board) to any Boy or Girl who sends 100 new subscribers. Write for particulars.



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